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SIXPENCE.

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A BABY PRINCE'S IMPROMPTU CEREMONY: THE CROWN PRINCE OLAF GREETING THE MAYOR OF WINDSOR.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT WINDSOR.

On the arrival of King Haakon and Queen Maud with the Crown Prince Olaf at Windsor, the little Prince was attracted by the magnificence and geniality of the Mayor. Of his own accord he went up to his Worship, shook hands very frankly, and examined the chief magistrate's robes minutely.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

I WONDER how many people have had the experience, when involved in any political or other struggle, of thinking of the most pulverising jokes on the wrong side. It would be very terrible to be a supporter of Mr. Chamberlain and sitting on the same platform with him, and suddenly to think of something that might be said about an eye-glass or an orchid—something so brilliant and blasting that no one had ever thought of it before. It would be a terrible thing if a man had just risen to propose a vote of thanks to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and almost at the same moment had thought of a quite new joke about his double-barrelled name—a joke so exquisitely good that it burnt him inside like an elemental desire. In the case of the great number of our admirable public servants, I fear it would be an open question whether they would hurriedly suppress their joke, or hurriedly change their politics. In fact, this seems to offer something like a new historical explanation of some of the sudden transitions of celebrated politicians. Perhaps Mr. Gladstone only became a Liberal because he had thought of something very good to say about Mr. Disraeli. Perhaps the Duke of Devonshire only left Mr. Gladstone because he thought of something very funny to say—something that he has never said. I have never myself experienced this full degree of illumination touching something clever to be said for my political opponents. I can lay my hand on my heart and say that I have never been able to think of anything clever that could be said for them. But in a much minor way I have had a modification of the same experience. I have not thought of things that I should write if I were they, for that very common phrase means nothing. But I have thought of things that they would write if they had thought of them.

Here, for example, is one. I wonder why none of the numerous Moderate satirists of the County Council have ever (so far as I know) thought of an ironical fantasy of a County Council Lord Mayor's Show? It would give a great deal of scope to their especial form of humour. The procession could be given in detail, as is commonly done in the case of its prototype. First, of course, would come the band, which would consist of Board School children playing on pianos and of Socialist Councillors blowing their own trumpets. Then you would have (as in the case of the Lord Mayor's Show) a historic pageant of all the Chairmen of the Council stretching back through the centuries into a prehistoric past. It would be headed by the wild and outlandish figure of Lord Rosebery, clad in the costume of his political epoch. Then there would be a long line of the publicans whose licenses had been forfeited, each carrying his pole and sign, like a sort of wooden banner. I will not develop the simple satire, the further elaboration of which requires only a very accessible degree of intelligence. I suppose that any morning when the office-boy has nothing to do, one may find just such an artistic extravaganza in some of our great popular dailies. I only mention the conception in order to point out that such satire unconsciously embodies a real idea, an idea quite the reverse of that which it would probably intend. In short, I take the liberty here of warning such papers as the *Daily Whale*. If they have not yet made this joke, let me earnestly advise them not to make it. For if they make it they will be unintentionally expressing a great Truth; and that I am sure would be a very great shock to them.

If we look at the County Council with the most unfavourable eyes, and if we then look at the Lord Mayor's Show with the most favourable eyes, we shall perceive something which is a great part of all that is unreal or perilous in our present position. We shall see that much of the modern evil may be said to be symbolised by the fact that the County Council is one thing and the Lord Mayor's Show another. Theoretically the County Council should be saved from being regarded as a mere fussy committee by exactly that historic pomp and popular impressiveness which is supposed to be found in the Lord Mayor's Show. Theoretically, the Lord Mayor's Show should be saved from being regarded as a mere gilded pantomime by exactly that actuality of existing force and interference which is now vested in the County Council. The ancient ceremony without the modern work is not even a ceremony. It is a fancy-dress ball. The modern work without the ancient ceremony is much less than it should be even of a modern work; it tends to be forgotten as something dusty and undistinguished; not being kept before the public eye with colour and symbol, it becomes more obscure and therefore more oligarchical. On the one hand the authority that really sways the immense destinies of modern London, the authority that is really large, is the authority that is invisible. On the other hand, the one authority that is not popular in the sense of being something that people can vote for, is the one authority that is popular in the sense of being something that people can stare at. It is as if there were two armies of which one had all the weapons and the other had all the flags. The one thing has all the power;

the other has all the pride. The one has the arms, the other the coat of arms.

Both are bound to suffer by this division. The County Council will never be a really democratic thing until the democracy lines the streets to see it pass in purple and gold and green. On the other hand, the ancient City mysteries and traditions, if they do not get more of the life of our modern politics behind them, will suffer even considered as mysteries and traditions. This is a social fact that is far too little observed. It is inadequate to say that an institution cannot continue to be young unless it means something. An institution cannot, properly speaking, even continue to be old unless it means something. Things of which the meaning is lost simply melt into the mass of other things and become, if anything, new. We see this, for instance, when we talk of old families. Strictly, of course, there are no specially old families. All our families are old; all our families are as old as the human race. When we speak of an old family we mean one that has kept its description and alleged significance; we mean that it meant something definite then, and that it means something definite still. It is not merely that old things must take some trouble to keep their youth. Old things must take some trouble to keep their old age. Otherwise they will be merely disregarded, and become common, crude, and fresh. Nelson's Column only strikes us as old because we have still a Navy. If it did not mean anything, it would not even mean antiquity. It might be cut up and sold as new stone.

I wonder how many people notice the queer case of this very thing in the same week as the Lord Mayor's Show? In the same week as the Lord Mayor's Show there is another ancient pageant that passes through London. Another symbolic procession is supposed to represent the splendour and safety of England. Another body of ritualists summon the whole English people to a solemn festivity of national thanksgiving and to a solemn allegory of national revenge. The procession is somewhat shorter than that of the Lord Mayor's Show. A superficial glance seems to suggest that somewhat less money has been spent on it. It does not draw vast masses of people, of provincials and country cousins, to see it pass. It does not cause any serious obstruction in the thoroughfare. It does not collect clamorous crowds to take part in it, though, to do them justice, those who do assist in the celebration make a noise which is nobly disproportionate to their numbers. The central figure of the ritual is perhaps less handsome than the Lord Mayor, even in the worst year of office. I need hardly say that I allude to the masque or mystery which on every 5th of November burns the ritual body of Guy Fawkes. This business of the 5th of November is most unquestionably the remains of a real passionate and public thing, verging on something in the nature of a national religion. It is the remains of that mystical and relentless war with Rome which made England throughout the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries the tower of Protestantism, the first and the last hope of the Reformation. Yet as that idea has dwindled the pageant has dwindled down to a bundle of sticks and squibs. I do not like to pursue the parallel. I do not like to imagine that a time could come when boys would tie a mask on to a bolster and carry it in a wheelbarrow as the last representative of Sir William Treloar. But I am sure that such fates, or the avoidance of them, depend not upon money or mere antiquity, or intrigue, or vested interests, but upon whether the people involved can make up their minds to mean something, and make up their minds what they mean.

Some very obliging people have sent me a copy of the paper called the *Race-BUILDER*. It proves that we can gradually recreate humanity by attention to certain new ethical and hygienic rules. For me, I confess these rules are a little too new. There seems something rather too rapid about these permanent principles. The *Race-BUILDER* seems to me rather too much of a jerry-builder. To say the very least of him, he may be called a highly speculative builder. But I only mention this interesting magazine in this place because it contains some reflections on the subject of juvenile rifle-practice, which connect themselves with something that I said in these columns some few weeks ago; and this may be, for all I know, the reason why the periodical was specially sent to me. This critic says that it would be very shocking if boys were taught to fire on their own fathers and uncles. I quite agree. But no boy would ever be taught to fire at his father or uncle. No school, I imagine, would put a stuffed father on the top of a pole and allow all the little boys to practise parricide. I cannot imagine that in any shooting gallery the best shots would be trained to hit the figure of a running uncle. Boys can only be taught to use this power against their own people as they would be taught to use any power. A boy might learn in the shooting gallery to shoot his father. Similarly, a boy might learn in the class of logic to contradict his father. In the class of rhetoric he would probably learn to insult his father. In a modern class of moral philosophy he would almost certainly learn to disobey his father. But all this does not prove that he ought not to learn any of these things. It only proves that he ought to learn something else as well—I mean common morality. But if I were to say a word about that, we should begin to talk about the Education Bill.

THE METRIC SYSTEM.

SINCE the Prince of Wales, in a memorable speech, impressed on the English nation the necessity of casting off the shackles of slumber, there have been few signs that his words have been in any way taken to heart. Year after year our Consuls on the Continent have begged British manufacturers, for their own sakes, at least to make themselves intelligible to the people with whom they seek to trade, and common sense has told them that there is room for reform in their methods of conducting their home industries.

Messrs. Kynochs' spirited action in abolishing entirely from their offices and works what Lord Kelvin has rightly called "our time-wasting and brain-wearing weights and measures," has, however, given a lead to British merchants, and has given many mildly to wonder—

What can this Metric System be,
That cometh to some but not to me?

Lord Kelvin has been recently quoted as stating that he once nearly lost his life through using the wrong kind of ounce in a scientific experiment: as a matter of fact, he was weighing in drams at the time, and not ounces, and this misquotation is in itself an object-lesson. The noble scientist's life would not have been risked, nor would the enterprising newspaper man have fallen into error, if we had had at that time one uniform system for determining weight instead of an incoherent collection of inconsistent tables. There is an avoirdupois dram of 27½ grains (breakfast-table problem: how many of these in a pennyweight?) and an apothecary's dram of 60 grains; he took the heavy dram for his mixture, put it in a rifle, pulled the trigger, and went out of his laboratory with a headache and the settled conviction that more than one unit of weight was quite unnecessary.

For the benefit of readers who would like to waste a few hours of their time and a considerable amount of brain-energy, I propound the following problems, most of which they may have been able to solve when head of the arithmetic class at school years ago, but which will now be just about as easy to them in the absence of a table-book as the binomial theorem to a Kaffir intombi—

What is the difference between an ounce troy and an ounce avoirdupois?

What is the length of the side of a square the area of which is exactly an acre?

How many grains in a drachm, and how many drachms in a pound?

What is a quarter of wheat a quarter of?

How many cubic inches are there in a bushel?

It is hardly necessary, however, to point out that our systems of weighing and measuring are urgently in need of reform. Everyone, or nearly everyone, admits it nowadays. But it is astonishing how many people are ignorant of the merits of the Metric System and of its terms. A member of Parliament once during a debate on a Metric Bill asked the House to imagine a housewife asking her grocer for a decigram of pepper! And nobody laughed, nor did anyone point out to the hon. member that it was not customary for ladies, however small their housekeeping allowance might be, to buy their groceries by the fraction of an ounce. Blind prejudice, too, is a factor. There are firms in England at the present day who will on no account admit that the Metric System is a practical one; they will only grant its value for purposes of science. Would the Germans, a practical people *par excellence*, have taken over from a recently conquered enemy a system which was of no use to their manufacturers, or would Mr. Arthur Chamberlain have involved the great firm of which he is chairman in expense and trouble in adopting new methods, if the system were not of actual practical value?

It has been frequently stated recently that the French have not been able to accustom themselves to the system which they invented and introduced many years ago, and examples of old measures which are said to be still in use are brought forward in support of this statement. It is true that in many cases the names of old measures are used, but it is only a case of the survival of the names and not of the old measures themselves. For example, the *livre*, by which many things are sold in France to-day, is not the old pound, but exactly half a kilo; the *boisseau* is not a bushel, although it means bushel, it is only another name for the dekaliter; the *lieue* is four kilometers exactly. These old names are just popular expressions and are not to be found in any commercial documents.

It is interesting to note that the most frequently used metric units are almost exactly ten per cent. more than their approximate British equivalents—add ten per cent. to a yard and you have a meter, add ten per cent. to a pound and you have a half kilo or metric pound. A draper who, inspired by this article, wishes to sell his ribbons by the metric instead of the English measures will only have to add ten per cent. to his price per yard to get the proportionate price per meter. By-the-by, why should not a draper who wants to try something new to attract customers to his next "Great Annual Sale" announce that he will give a meter of material in the place of a yard at the same price?

The Metric System will certainly be introduced into this country sooner or later, and the sooner it is adopted the easier and less costly will be the change. The advocates of the meter do not deny that there will be some cost, though the amount of this has been greatly exaggerated by their opponents. No great reform can be accomplished without some expense; it cost some millions of pounds to build the great thoroughfare which connects the Strand and Holborn. The old houses and narrow streets were swept away just as our muddle of weights and measures must be swept away to make room for the infinitely more convenient system which Messrs. Kynochs have adopted.

To obtain the full value of the Metric System it must be adopted by everyone, and the only way to insure this is to make it compulsory. "But," you ask, "why make compulsory a system which is already permissive, and which should be able, by its intrinsic excellence, to effect its own introduction?" Just so, but is not fresh air permissive in the slums of London?—G. E. M. JOHNSON.

A MINISTER ON THE THWARTS.

MR. JOHN BURNS has been distinguishing himself by practical philanthropy on the Thames. On Sunday evening, as he was walking down the river from Hammersmith, he saw some boys in difficulties with a boat. The youths had been sent to pursue and warn some young rascals who had made off with a boat belonging to See, the waterman. The pirates, sighting some water-bailiffs, ran their vessel aground and decamped, whereupon the pursuers took the malappropriated boat in tow. But the ebb was strong, and the boys were soon played out. Enter at the psychological moment the President of the Local Government Board. The Minister hailed the distressful mariners and bade them put ashore. Then he boarded their boat and pulled them back to See's. The waterman revealed the benefactor's name, and the grateful beneficiaries offered to stand him a drink. But the incorruptible Minister was satisfied with virtue as its own reward.

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THE WORLD'S NEWS.

The Royal Visit. The visit to this country of the young King and Queen of Norway has aroused enthusiasm in many quarters and interest in all. The Court left Sandringham for Windsor on Monday in order that King Edward and Queen Alexandra might be at Windsor station in the afternoon to welcome their royal guests. The Mayor of Windsor presented an address of welcome to King Haakon, and received a gracious reply. On Tuesday a part of the well-stocked Windsor preserves was shot over, and in the evening a Grand Chapter of the Order of the Garter was held at the Castle, and King Haakon was duly invested with the insignia of the Order. Investiture was followed by a banquet in St. George's Hall, and special trains carried guests to and from the Metropolis. Wednesday was given to a visit to London, and to the reception of addresses from Paddington, Westminster, St. Marylebone, and Holborn, followed by a luncheon party at the Guildhall. Thursday was to be devoted to another shooting-party in Windsor Forest and a State Banquet in St. George's Hall; while a command performance of "Robin Hood" is set down for Friday. To-day (Saturday) sees the termination of the State visit, but the royal party will remain in this country for another week, dividing their time between Buckingham Palace and Sandringham. The people of these islands take a deep interest in the royal house of Norway, and while they watched the dispute between the sister lands of Scandinavia with anxiety, one and all were delighted with its peaceful issue. That there may be political aspects of the present visit is not unlikely, but we find no occasion to discuss them here or now. The note of the week is one of hearty welcome, coupled with regret that November does not often find London at its best, and is apt to treat decorations with scant courtesy.

The Honours List.

The Birthday Honours list is a comparatively small one, and brings no addition to the Peerage. King Edward has made King Haakon a Knight of the Garter—we refer elsewhere to the Investiture—and has honoured the Prince of Wales's Own Norfolk Royal Garrison Artillery (Militia) by becoming its Colonel-in-Chief. King Frederick of Denmark becomes Colonel-in-Chief of the Buffs (East Kent Regiment), Lord Sandhurst, Mr. Justice Kekewich, and Mr. Samuel Smith are made Privy Counsellors, and four new Baronets are created. Lord Sandhurst has been an Indian Governor and a member of Sir West Ridgeway's South African Committee of Inquiry; Mr. Justice Kekewich is our senior Chancery Judge, and Mr. Samuel Smith sat for Flintshire in the Liberal interest. Of the Baronets, Mr. Cawley and Mr. Channing are members for the Prestwich Division of Lancashire and East Northants respectively. There are seventeen new Knights, including on the purely political side Mr. Jacoby, the member for Mid-Derbyshire; Major Biggs, the vice-chairman of the

surgeon, and Professor Byers, who has held an important appointment at Queen's College, Belfast, since 1903. Mr. Alexander Shaw is one of Limerick's best-known citizens; Mr. A. B. Thomas is the architect of Belfast's new City Hall; Mr. Clegg is one of Sheffield's leading men, and Dr. Hutchinson represented Rye in Parliament for some years previous to the last election. Government officials promoted include Sir Evan MacGregor and Mr. McKenzie Chalmers, Permanent Secretaries to the Admiralty and the Home Office. Lieutenant-Colonel Nathan is Superintendent of the Waltham Abbey Government Explosives Factory. Many Government officials become Companions of the Bath, the list including representatives of the War Office, the Ordnance Survey, the Local Government Boards of England, Scotland, and Ireland, the Board of Education, and the Inland Revenue. Altogether, the list is a good and useful one, and if there is no material in it for surprise or special comment, it takes cognisance of many workers whose labours, unseen and unknown outside their own sphere of activity, are of abiding benefit to the State.

The Boer Raid.

At a time like the present, when the Transvaal elections are coming along and great issues hang upon the returning officers' figures, the Boer raid into Cape Colony is not a matter for prolonged comment. It is well to do no more than record the facts as they reach us, and to suggest the advisability of suspending judgment until the Boers have ceased from raiding and the result of an official inquiry can be studied. We know at present that at the end of last week certain Boers employed by Germany in Namaqualand and Damaraland crossed the German frontier some fifty miles north of the Orange River. They surprised two small police posts on the border at Witkop and Abeam, wounding a policeman who has since died, and moved towards Upington. At most the raiders numbered about a score of men, well provided with



Photo. Parker.
REAR-ADMIRAL C. H. CROSS,
Who held Inquiry into Stokers' Riots.



Photo. Russell.
ADMIRAL SIR A. DOUGLAS,
Visited Barracks after Stokers' Riots.

promoted to Teheran. The retiring Ambassador is still comparatively young, being on the sunny side of sixty, and may hope to enjoy a long period of retirement. It is said that he has found that his means do not permit him to cope with the expenditure that his position in Washington demands. In any case, he will be missed in social and diplomatic circles of the U.S.A., for he is a genial companion as well as a strong man.

Rear-Admiral Cross, who presided over the *Montagu* inquiry, has once more had an investigation under his charge. He has inquired into the recent riots among the stokers at Portsmouth, and his report will be laid before the Admiralty.

This year a Nobel Prize goes to Italy and another to Spain. The winners in these countries are Professor Camillo Golgi, head of the University of Pavia,

and Don Ramon y Cajal, the eminent Spanish man of science. We give a portrait of Señor Cajal pursuing researches in his laboratory.

The promotion of Mr. Oscar Straus to Cabinet rank has provided America with material for much gossip, for down to the present no Jew has been so highly honoured. Mr. Straus is *persona gratissima* with the President, who has spoken of him publicly as a "white man," and he earned considerable distinction in Constantinople when he was American Minister to the Sublime Porte. Mr. Straus is associated with Mr. Schiff, the well-known banker, in the formation of an American Jewish Committee, that will seek to protect, preserve, and extend the civil and religious rights of Jews the world over.

Miss Dorothea Beale, the respected Principal of Cheltenham Ladies' College, died last week in her seventy-sixth year. She was educated in London and Paris, and was appointed the first lady mathematical tutor at Queen's College, and afterwards Latin tutor under Dr. Plumptre. She became head teacher of the Clergy School at Casterton in 1857, and in 1858 took the direction of the Cheltenham Ladies' College. They may say of Miss Beale at Cheltenham, *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*. The buildings, the annual income, the students' roll speak of the present, and the regrets of cultured women the world over will tell eloquently of the past.

Parliament.

The House of Lords added many amendments to Clause V. of the Education Bill. Lord Stanley of Alderley was inclined to wash his hands of the clause because the Opposition was apparently rough-hewing it as they liked. He did not know whether Providence would shape it into a more reasonable form at a later stage or not. Earl Cawdor pounced upon the admission of the Government that the Bill secured the rights of the four-fifths schools for only five years. It was a false issue which had been put before the country. Instead



Photo. "Nuevo Mundo."
DON SANTIAGO RAMON Y CAJAL,
Spanish Winner of a Nobel Prize.

horses. Colonel Lukin, with a force of Cape Mounted Rifles, was soon on their track. As we write, pursuers and pursued are in a difficult, waterless country, where farms are widely scattered, farmers are very poor, and the telegraph wires alone serve to keep the district in touch with civilisation. In view of the unrest in the

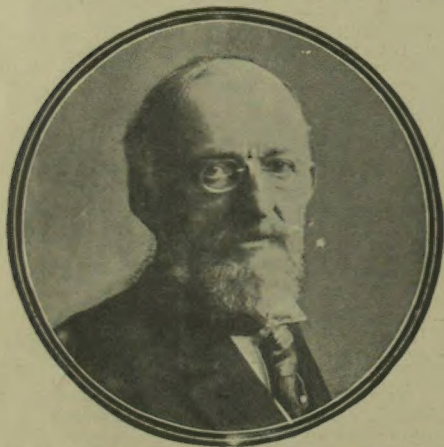


Photo. Illustrations Bureau.
MR. OSCAR STRAUS,
First Jew and Second German in Roosevelt's Cabinet.

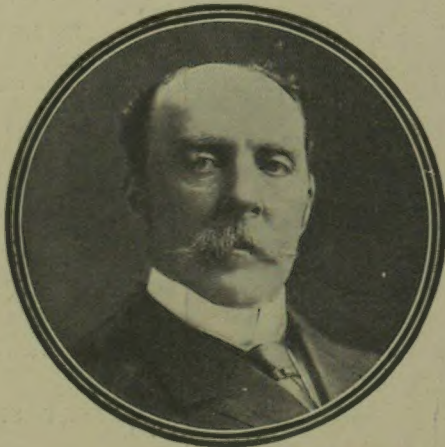


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
SIR MORTIMER DURAND,
Retiring British Ambassador at Washington.

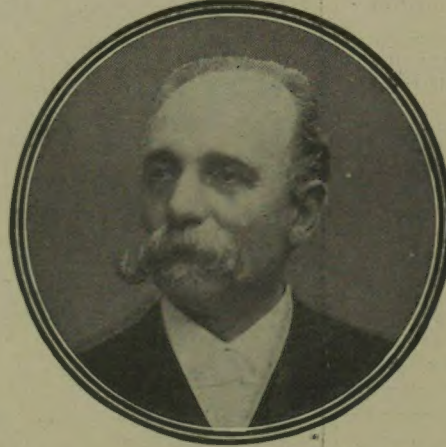


Photo. Croce.
PROFESSOR CAMILLO GOLGI,
Italian Winner of a Nobel Prize.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MISS DOROTHEA BEALE,
Head of Cheltenham Ladies' College.

political committee of the National Liberal Club; Mr. J. H. Bethell, the member for Romford, who won the seat for the party; and Mr. Henry Norman, the member for South Wolverhampton, and for many years associated with the *Daily Chronicle*. Professor W. M. Ramsay, of Aberdeen University, is the most distinguished of British archaeologists and the leading authority on Asia Minor. He has applied his special subject to New Testament criticism, and is one of the few laymen who are Doctors of Divinity. Mr. W. H. Talbot, also a new Knight, has been the Town Clerk of Manchester for twenty years. Among statesmen, Sir West Ridgeway contested the City of London in the Liberal interest, and presided over the South African Commission. The world of medicine and surgery is recognised in the honours list by the knighthood given to Mr. Tweedy, the distinguished

north-west of Cape Colony, Mr. Theron, President of the Bond, has gone into the disturbed area to keep the farmers quiet. Mr. Jan Hofmeyr has expressed his protest against the raid, and there can be no doubt but that the Bond is deeply annoyed by the occurrence of the disturbance on the eve of the elections, while the British element is rather inclined to mingle amusement with its measure of anxiety.

Portraits.

Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, who is retiring from the high office of Ambassador to the United States, has seen more than thirty years' service in diplomacy. He was Political Secretary to General Roberts in the Kabul Campaign of 1879, and conducted the Mission to the Amir of Afghanistan in 1893. In 1894 he was

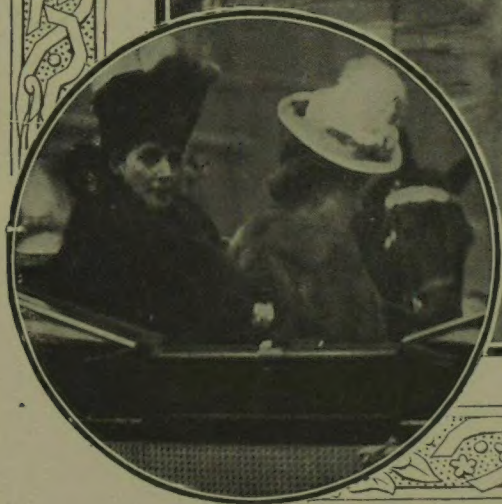
of Clause VI. a new clause was substituted by the Bishop of Oxford, under which the Board of Education may authorise a new denominational school if demanded. Clause VII. was omitted by a majority of 112, and a new clause substituted on the motion of Viscount Llandaff, defining the conditions under which a child may abstain from the religious instruction at the opening of the school. The Primate denounced the religious tyranny which would prevent existing teachers from giving denominational teaching. These were often devoted men and women who had sacrificed larger salaries in order to teach in voluntary schools. An amendment by Earl Cawdor permitting teachers to give special religious instruction was carried by 101 votes. Mr. Balfour created some surprise at the third reading of the Trades Disputes Bill, by maintaining that it was now too late

HAAKON VII. OF NORWAY'S FIRST VISIT TO ENGLAND AS KING.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau, Cribb, and the Photo News Company.

PRINCE OLAF'S SALUTE FROM THE
CARRIAGE WINDOW.

THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND AND NORWAY
AT WINDSOR.



QUEENS BOTH: QUEEN ALEXANDRA AND
HER YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE
NORWEGIAN AMBASSADOR.

OUR KING'S KINGLY SON-IN-LAW: HIS MAJESTY KING HAAKON DISEMBARKING AT PORTSMOUTH.

King Haakon, Queen Maud, and the little Crown Prince Olaf disembarked at Portsmouth on November 12, and were received by the Prince of Wales. The royal party then proceeded to Windsor, where the King and Queen awaited them. The little Prince has almost eclipsed his parents in the intense interest taken in him by the public. He was extremely frank with the Mayor of Windsor, and minutely examined his Worship's robes. During the drive to Windsor Castle, he stood upon the seat of the carriage and seemed utterly fascinated by the postillions.

either to amend or reject the Bill. If, as they were told, there was a great dislike to the measure among the employers, why did not that dislike find expression in that House? Employers could not now expect to find the Bill opposed "in another place." Mr. Balfour admitted that Trade Unions had been well conducted in the past, and said that his objection to the Bill was that it conferred such power on associations of capitalists. The third reading was thus agreed to without division. Lord Turnour opposed Clause II. of the Land Tenure Bill from fear that farmers would grow crops of strawberries in order to obtain compensation. Mr. W. Redmond said no one but the noble Lord could have thought of such a possibility or thrown such light upon the subject. He begged his Lordship not to carry out his threat of leaving his party for some time, but to respond to the call of duty and stand by the ship. The call seems to demand some sacrifice, for the Opposition kept the House up all night on Monday over this Bill. When the Premier arrived at 9.10 a.m., it was only to announce that another day would be given for the discussion. Whereat great rejoicings among the Opposition, and sorrow among the Liberals.

REV. E. WILLIAMS AND DEACON BARCLAY
WADING INTO THE SWOLLEN RIVER.



Free State is warned that the sands of patience are running out, and that this country is in a position to enforce its will upon the gang whose offences are rank and cry to Heaven. Of course the warning was not put so plainly, it

THE CEREMONY COMPLETE: A WOMAN
CANDIDATE IMMERSSED.



THE CEREMONY IN PROGRESS: A CANDIDATE READY FOR IMMERSION.

BAPTISM IN AN ICY WELSH RIVER: THE CURIOUS CEREMONY IN THE DEE NEAR LLANGOLLEN.

The baptism was celebrated on November 11 at Pont-y-Sylte by the Rev. Evan Williams, Minister of the Carmel Baptist Chapel at Trevor. He was assisted by his deacon, Mr. Barclay. After a prayer and a hymn in Welsh the minister, and the deacon waded into the river, accompanied by six converts—five women and a boy—who were solemnly immersed in the icy water. The neophytes were laid backwards by the celebrants until the whole body was covered.

Photos. Press Agency.

pounds. The burden did not trouble her late husband, he even added to it by limiting his expenditure on lunch to the price of an apple, and going about in ready-made suits that could be bought for ten dollars. His widow has realised that if her life is to be worth living she must divorce herself from the superfluous millions, and she proposes to do so. At least the New York correspondents

of some of our daily papers say that this is her intention, and she hopes to avoid the bombardment of begging letters to which she has been subjected since Mr. Russell Sage was compelled to depart this life, leaving his wealth behind him. It is to be feared that, unless the disposition of the fortune is quick and decisive, the burden of advice that will be forthcoming from the world at large will be greater than the burden of the begging letters.

The Opium Traffic.

In reply to questions in the House, the Government has stated that it is prepared to deal with the vexed Opium question as soon as the Chinese Government will show that it means to treat in straight and honest fashion the representations that have been

made to it. A Chinese Imperial Edict has been promulgated declaring that the growth of opium and the trade in it must come to an end within a given term of years, but as Dr. Morrison has pointed out, Edicts are many in China, and real reforms are few. At the same time there is a very distinct wish on the part of the present Government to put an end to conditions that reflect adversely upon the morality of our rule in India, and if the masters of China will but cease from taking refuge in silence or subterfuge, and will declare their intentions honestly, the Indian Government will meet them half-way, and in a few years the opium trade between our great Dependency and the Celestial Empire will be a thing of the past. Without satisfactory assurances progress must be slow, and if the opium trade is to come to an end in India there must be adequate security that China will not enter upon the business on an extended scale and on her own account. In the meantime, it is satisfactory to note that the use of opium has been prohibited in the newly organised army and also throughout the schools of the Chinese Empire.

The Guildhall Banquet. When the Lord Mayor's Show comes to interfere with the London street traffic and business affairs, many men are heard to grumble, but this year the advent to office of the Children's Lord Mayor was hailed with a measure of enthusiasm that even dull weather could not diminish. We expect to hear political pronouncements of interest, if not importance, at the Banquet, and this year the aged Marquess of Ripon told the annual story of Foreign Affairs. He paid a well-merited tribute to Lord Lansdowne's statesmanship which left our foreign relations in really excellent order, and he sounded a warning note when he discussed the affairs of the Congo State. It is clear that Liberal statesmen are in no mind to leave King Leopold and his unscrupulous servants to work their wicked will in a territory that might become, under a decent rule, full of happy, civilised people. The Congo



THE BURROUGHS AND WATTS BILLIARD
TOURNAMENT: REECE AT THE TABLE.

The last stage of the match of 9000 up between Dawson and Reece was played in the Hall at Soho Square on November 10. Reece gained an immense advantage at the outset, and commenced the final stage with a lead of 2267. At 7917 against 5650, Dawson had one magnificent break of 515, but Reece finished winner.

was couched in the mild language of diplomacy, but the leading newspapers of Brussels have read into it all that the Marquess of Ripon left unsaid.

The Fossil Motor-Race in Paris.

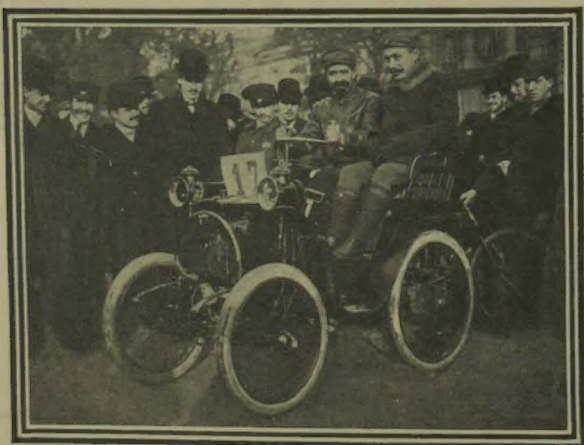
Last Sunday all Paris laughed at a wonderful collection of prehistoric motor-cars assembled in the Place de la Concorde. Every antique machine was there: old 4-h.p. Serpolettes, Léon Bollées, and Peugeots with a fierce speed of twenty-five miles an hour; Renaults and Panhard-Levassors of 1½-h.p., and every old tin kettle the museum of automobiles could produce. They started on a race up the Champs-Élysées, through the Bois, Sèvres, and St. Cloud, to Ville-d'Avray. The order was start as you please, and one after another. The fossils were escorted by cheering crowds of small boys, a swarm of cyclists, and a number of resplendent cars of to-day. The ascent to the Arc de Triomphe was toilsome, but for the next stage the road was down hill, and most of the competitors reached the banks of the Seine. The ascent to St. Cloud weeded out the lame ducks, and only the most heroic drivers reached the goal. After the race there was a review and champagne.

Sage Millions.

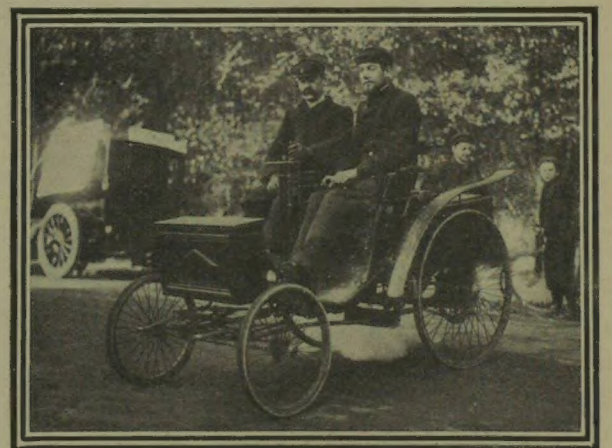
Mrs. Russell Sage, wife of the strange and rather unpleasant specimen of American plutocrat who died recently, finds no rest in the company of a fortune varying between fifteen and seventeen million



THE FOSSIL MOTOR-RACE IN PARIS: AN OLD
EIGHT-H.P. CAR OF 1897.



THE FOSSIL MOTOR-RACE IN PARIS: A RENAULT
MOTOR VOITURETTE OF 1½ H.P.



THE FOSSIL MOTOR-RACE IN PARIS: A DE DION
OF 1894.



THE FOSSIL MOTOR-RACE IN PARIS: A PANHARD
LEVASSOR OF 1½ H.P., 1892.

Photos. Branger.

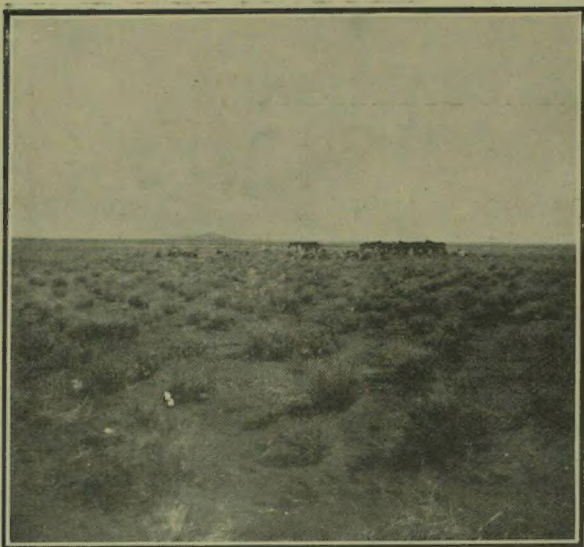
CRIPPLES' WORK FOR THE GUILDHALL DECORATIONS.

DRAWN BY GRANVILLE MANTON.



BLIND AND CRIPPLED GIRLS MAKING ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS FOR THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.

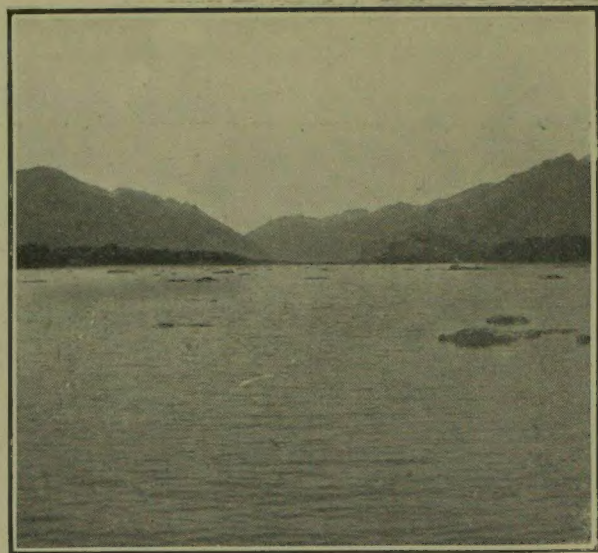
For the first time in civic history, the Guildhall was decorated with artificial flowers at the Lord Mayor's inaugural Banquet. The flowers were made of silk, velvet, and linen by fifty members of Mr. John A. Groom's Institution for Blind and Crippled Girls.



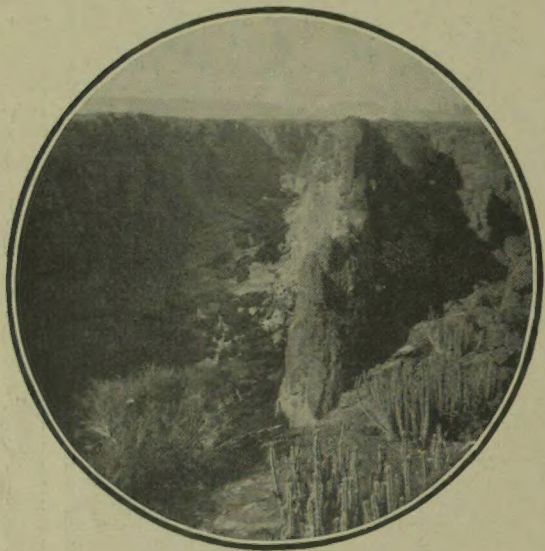
THE BALT, BUSHMANLAND, SIXTY MILES OF RED-HOT WATERLESS SAND NEAR PELLA, THE SCENE OF THE RAID.



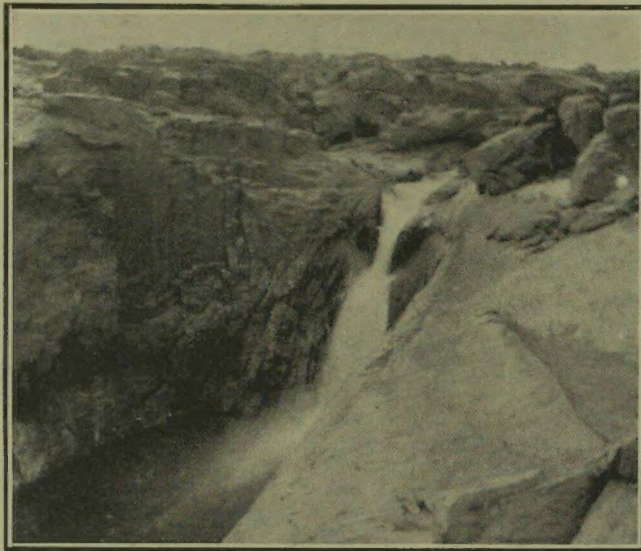
PELLA CHURCH, BUILT BY BISHOP SIMON, THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PRELATE OF PELLA.



A LIKELY FORD FOR THE REBELS: A DRIFT OVER THE ORANGE RIVER IN BUSHMANLAND.



WHERE THE RAIDERS CROSSED THE ORANGE RIVER: SCENE NEAR AUGRABAS.



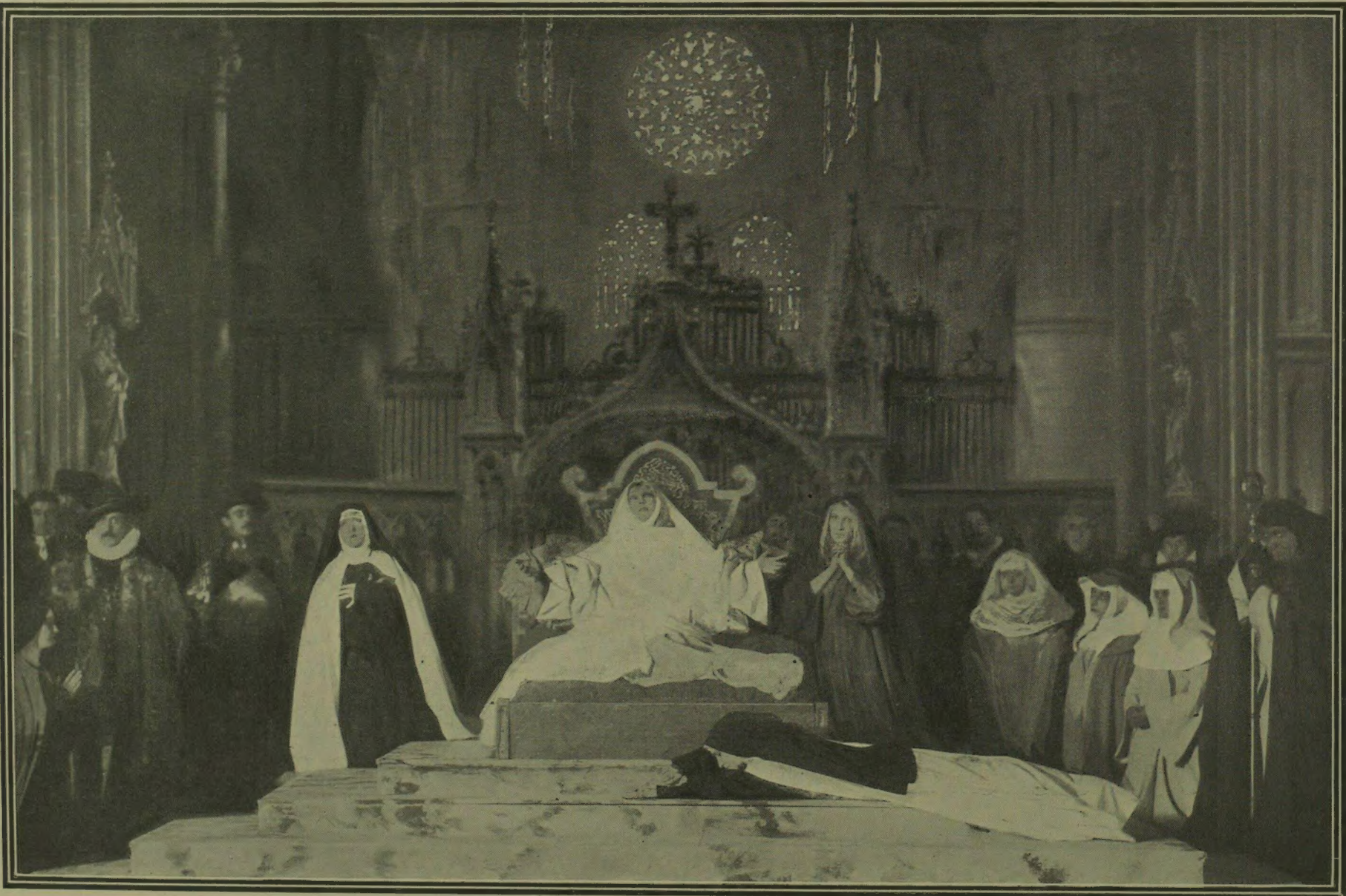
THE SUPPOSED POINT OF CROSSING: THE AUGRABAS FALLS ON THE ORANGE RIVER.



NEAR THE REBELS' OBJECTIVE: ZWART MODDER, KENHART, FIFTY MILES FROM PELLA.

THE DIFFICULTY OF CATCHING THE BOER RAIDERS: THE DESOLATE COUNTRY INVADIED BY THE REBELS.

A Transvaaler named Ferreira, and ten other Boers, recently employed in German South-West Africa, have entered North-Western Cape Colony, and are endeavouring to organise a rebellion. They surprised police camps at Abeam and Witkop, where they wounded two troopers and seized the arms and ammunition. Colonel Lukin, with 150 Cape Mounted Rifles, has gone in pursuit. The scene of the raid is one of the most desolate regions of Great Bushmanland. The police posts attacked lie between Pella and Upington. Ferreira crossed the Orange River near the great Augrabas Falls, and marched on Zwart Modder, sixty miles from Pella, and equidistant from the important police-stations of Kenhart and Upington. Two more gangs are reported in the field.



MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT AS A NUN: SCENE FROM THE LAST ACT OF M. CATULLE MENDÈS' NEW PLAY, "STE. THÉRÈSE, LA VIERGE D'AVILA"—THE DEATH OF STE. THÉRÈSE.

The new play was produced in Paris on November 10. Madame Bernhardt is a vision of extraordinary beauty in the blue-and-white dress of a Carmelite nun. The author rewrote the play in accordance with Madame Bernhardt's suggestions.

THE "LAZY TONGS" AS A FIRE-ESCAPE: A NEW INVENTION.

DRAWING BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."

THE LAMPÉ TOWER DEPRESSED FOR TRANSPORT.

HOLM'S TOWER PARTIALLY ERECTED.



THE GIANT "LAZY TONGS" AT FULL STRETCH: LAMPÉ'S WATER-TOWER AND FIRE-ESCAPE AT WORK ON A BURNING BUILDING.

The device of the "lazy tongs," the ingenious lattice-work that can be shot out from the hand so as to reach things across the room, has been adapted to two fire-fighting inventions by Wilhelm Lampé, of Baden-Baden, and John Holm, of New York. Lampé's device resembles a Roman storming-tower, it is built on a waggon, or truck, and carries extendable platforms which can be set at different points, according to the height of the floor in the burning building from which the people are to be rescued. There is a double arrangement of ladders, and a number of extendable bridges that can be used at several floors simultaneously. The platforms occur at the junctions of every second pair of the legs constituting the "lazy tongs." The tower is raised by windlasses and chains. Holm's invention is rather simpler. It is fitted on a motor-carriage, and the tower is raised and lowered by a second motor. On the top is a railed platform from which gangways may be pushed out. In the centre is a turn-table with the usual water-nozzle.

KUPA MÁRTON: A TRANSYLVANIAN STORY.

By ELSA DE SZÁSZ.



Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

KUPA MÁRTON turned round as he reached the sunflowers at the edge of the field, and leaning on his hoe looked back at the stretch of young maize-stalks springing from the brown earth, like slim green flames. All the village was out maize-hoeing, men and women, young and old, in long winding chains of white amid the colour and glare of the July afternoon. The girls sang as they worked, and the older women sent bits of gossip creeping from row to row. But all around Kupa Márton there reigned the strange silence which always met him wherever he went—the silence of fear and loathing hatred.

It was not his strength they feared: they were broad-shouldered young men who would gladly have measured their fists against his, even though he had beaten them. It was the cold light of his small, squinting eyes, the smile, that was no smile, of his broad, blue-fleshed lips, and the word that would find out what each held dearest, and smirch it past knowing again.

A woman working a little way behind him—a young straight thing with swelling arms and bosom, and dark, hot eyes, fell back a step as he stopped, and stood looking at him evilly.

"God curse him!" she said at last, under her breath. An old woman turned and glanced at her.

"Why don't you go back to your husband, you Borbála?" she asked.

"Go back to him—when he threatened to stab me with his *kacor*?* Never, so help me God!"

"It wasn't his fault! Kupa Márton had told him you had stolen Kati's kerchief."

"He shouldn't have believed him! Who believes what Kupa Márton says!"

"Who? Everyone! Ask Barkó Fános. Csáko Anna is well-nigh from her senses since he left her."

"Has he left her for what Kupa Márton said?"

"Yes. He says no girl is clean enough for him whose good name a toad has turned in its mouth and spat out again. They were ever a proud race, the Barkós!"

A young man standing beside her hit a stone with his hoe viciously.

"What has he ever gained by the mischief he's done? That's what I'd like to know!"

"He doesn't do it to gain anything. Do you remember that time Zonda Mihaly came home to make peace with his brother? Kupa Márton told him that Zonda Istvan cursed him every hour of the day. And when they met, though they had both meant to be friends, Mihaly broke Istvan's shoulder-blade, and had to sneak

away like a thief lest the police should catch him. Ye neither of the Zondas had ever done Kupa Márton harm."

An old man near her straightened himself and looked at the far-off blue hills thoughtfully.

"It's the power he loves," he said softly. But no one heard him.

"He's everyone's enemy," said Borbála after a while; "has he ever loved anyone, I wonder?"

"He loves Ilon . . ."

"Yes," said the old woman; "he loves Ilon—and it's strange, for he never so much as looked at his two first children—as fine two lads as anyone need wish. They ran about the village like a pair of little gypsies; and their mother had to work for two to give them bread. He—Kupa Márton—sat in the public-house all day long, drinking every stray florin that he had. Yet there were some who said that he hated brandy like poison."

"Then why did he drink it?"

"Who knows? From pure contrariness! Because folk said he ought to be ashamed of himself." She took a tuft of weeds from her hoe and threw it into the ditch. "When his wife and the two boys were buried, he sat in the tap-room and swore. Then he went home and found the baby."

[Continued overleaf.]

* *Kacor*—a small knife with curved blade.

Without a glance at either he went down the path.

ESCAPE FROM SUNKEN SUBMARINES: A DEVICE THAT GIVES THE CREW A CHANCE OF LIFE.

DRAWN BY C. DE LACY FROM THE INVENTOR'S DESIGNS.



THE DETACHABLE BOAT MANNED AND RAISED TO THE SURFACE.

The device has been patented by Mr. J. Fripp, of Catford. In the submarine is a detachable boat, the deck of which lies flush with the back of the submarine. Its lid is bolted to the body of the submarine by four bars, which can be released by a single turn of a screw, as in the diagram. Between the boat and its containing-chamber is a space of three inches, which can be filled with water from sea-cocks after the crew has taken refuge. Thus, when the bolts are shot, the inrush of the water will cause the boat to swing outwards, right itself, and ascend. In the chamber wall is the hatch, or port of entrance, and

opposite that, in the side of the boat, is a similar port. Both these have strongly-clamped hinged doors. When the boat reaches the surface another hatch can be opened on the deck, and thus the men may escape or obtain air until they are picked up. From the containing-chamber rises at the same time a flat buoy fastened to the submarine by a fine line. This is left floating to mark the position of the wreck. The white dotted lines in the large picture show the track of the boat's ascent to the surface. In the lower position it is being manned by the escaping crew.

"What baby?"

"Ilon. She wasn't more than two months old then, and all the women said she couldn't live a week, she was so puny. Kupa Márton wrapped her in his coat and took her to bed with him. And when the wife of Máté Iános went across to see if she could help him, he cursed her for a busybody and slammed the door in her face."

The old man nodded.

"And he's never been near the Jew's since . . . and he's worked, as not another man in the village has worked, for seventeen years. She'll have a good bit when she marries, Ilon!"

"She won't need anything if she marries Hajdu András. What is all Kupa Márton's money to what she'll have then? And András has sworn that he will marry her as soon as harvest is over."

Kupa Márton put down his hoe and came up to them between the maize-stalks.

"What was that you said about Hajdu András?" he asked.

The women stared at him in surprise.

"Hasn't Ilon told you? Why, they love each other since the first maize-hoeing, she and Hajdu András! You're a lucky man, you Kupa Márton, to get such a son-in-law!"

Kupa Márton said nothing to that. With a grunt he bent down for his hoe, stepped over the ditch, and set off towards the village.

By the bridge that leaps the brook just outside the village he came upon Kis Pista, the shepherd lad. He stopped, and leaned his back against the parapet.

"Easy handwork, guarding sheep," he observed.

The boy got up.

"I wasn't sleeping," he said defiantly.

Kupa Márton turned and looked at him.

"Your shirt is rather worn," he said.

The lad said nothing; but his brown face flushed. There was a rent in his dirty shirt which left half of his lean back bare.

Kupa Márton took out his pipe from the shaft of his boot and lit it.

"You ought to get a well-to-do wife," he said. "Then you wouldn't have to wear shirts that show your back."

"Yes, that's so easy," said Pista. "Whom shall I marry? Ilon?"

"Yes, Ilon—why not?"

The boy looked at him in amazement. Then he laughed rather bitterly.

"Because she's not for the likes of me," he said.

"You think she's more for the likes of Hajdu András?"

Pista nodded.

"Why? Because Hajdu András has a hundred oxen and a house as big as the bank? What does that matter if she loves you?"

The boy took up a stone and threw it between two rams that were fighting in the field below.

"But she doesn't," he said, gazing fixedly after the stone. "It's Hajdu András she loves."

"A girl of seventeen! What does she know whom she loves! If you marry her, you shall have the house, and all the cows, and the maize-field up on the hill. She's the prettiest girl in the village, for all she is so small. And she'll be richer than any of you dream the day I die."

Pista shook his head gloomily.

"It's no use," he said; "she doesn't love me."

"Then make her love you, damn you!" shouted Kupa Márton suddenly. "You're well-made enough, you're neither lame nor blind, you've got as straight and lithe a body as any lad this side of the mountains! What ails you that you're so modest all of a sudden?"

All at once he turned round.

"I know," he said, and his eyelids dropped over his small, cold eyes, "it's that girl down by the mill who's caught you! Because she keeps her eyes on the ground, you think she's better than the rest of them. Do you know why she's so cursed demure? I'll tell you! It's because Kador Tamás found the schoolmaster kissing her one day, and swore that if she so much as looked at a man while he was with the soldiers, he'd kill her the day he came home. That's what her innocence amounts to! And if you care for such a one, why. . ."

He spat across the parapet, down into the brook. Kis Pista lifted his eyes, and there was a moisture in their blue.

"I care for no one but Ilon," he said; "I never cared for anyone else in my life. But what can I do if she won't have me?"

The other drew nearer, with that sly smile that was no smile.

"Make love to her," he said. "Aren't there a hundred ways? Come to the gate in the evening, as the other lads do. Put flowers on her window-sill . . . and when she goes to the fields, carry her hoe. On fair-days you might buy her a present or two. . . . Wait, there's a florin I have in my pocket. . . ."

The boy jumped down from the parapet.

"I don't buy presents with other people's money!" he said rudely.

The other gave an awkward laugh.

"Well, well," he said, "as you please, as you please! I merely thought . . . But never mind!"

He looked at the boy, who seemed suddenly to have forgotten him and was gazing wistfully into the brook below. And he smiled.

"Look to your sheep," he cried. "I'm going home."

When he came to the end of the bridge, he looked back once more, and a chuckle escaped him. But he grew quickly grave again.

His house, with the little garden-plot in front, was the first in the village; and just before it, to the left of the road, there lay the Bottomless Pool, in which an ox-cart and two oxen had once disappeared, so that no man had seen them more.

Kupa Márton stopped and gazed into its dark water.

"They'll beat me yet!" he muttered between his teeth.

He picked up a stone, but forgot to throw it.

"She might have had anyone—anyone she set her heart on . . ." he thought. "The raggedest lad in the village . . . she has enough for two! But that—that money-bag, with his acres and his oxen . . . He'd take her without a pillow-case, I warrant!"

He kicked viciously at a hen that was scratching in the dust of the road; then he turned and went into the house.

There, by the side of his bed, stood the little blue-and-yellow tulip-chest in which he kept his money. All that he had saved in seventeen years of hard work, he had put into that little chest—for her.

He went across the room with his heavy peasant's tread, and turning the key in the lock, lifted the lid.

It was all there—the rolls of dirty silver florins, the packages of bank-notes, the few gold pieces, the little heaps of change. He took up a crumpled bank-note and looked at it.

"That was for killing the mad dog," he said to himself—"ten—no, fifteen years ago. They liked me well enough then!" . . . He put it down and took up another.

"That was for working in Hungary—that summer the great heat was. Twenty men dropped down in one day with sun-stroke . . . So they paid us well! . . ."

"That was for felling wood in the mountains . . . and those hundred florins I got working in the quarry—that time when the stone crushed my foot."

He leaned his back against the bed as he sat on the floor, and gazed out through the window.

"I lay three months in hospital then . . . but they gave me another hundred florins compensation . . . I bought the maize-field up on the hillside with that . . . and I thought it was worth while . . ."

He got up slowly and went to the window.

"There she is!" he said to himself suddenly.

They were marching home through the golden dust of the evening—all the weary, sun-soaked folk with hearts gladdening towards the dew of rest-time. The girls walked in front, with singing and laughter, and the lads trailed behind them, with shouldered hoes and heavy, rhythmical tread. Last of all came the old folk, with arms full of young maize-stalks for fodder, and eyes that blinked in the level red rays of the sun. Down the street there sounded the welcoming bark of the dogs and the lowing of the cows as they came from the pastures.

Ilon lingered a while outside the gate, talking with Hajdu András; then he went on, and she stood looking after him, her hand on the latch, her eyes smiling. At last she turned and came in.

She seemed very small as she came up the path, in the midst of the tangled flower-beds. As she reached the patch of geraniums just outside the door she bent down, and her two thick, fair tresses fell forward over her shoulders and hid her face.

Kupa Márton came out and began to dig up a weed in the path.

"You Ilon," he said; "do you want money for anything?"

She looked up in surprise.

"I? No, father!" she said.

"Maybe you want new ribbons for your hair . . . or another *párta*?"

"No, father—my *párta* is quite new yet . . . and I have more ribbons than I want."

He stood up and looked at her.

"You want nothing?" he asked.

"No, father," she said again wonderingly.

"Then why," he asked, his forehead slowly darkening, "why do you cast sheep's eyes at that man—that Hajdu András?"

The blood rushed to her face.

"He wants to marry me," she said.

"And you?"

"And I want to marry him."

"You do? What for? Are a house, and a maize-field, and half-a-dozen cows not enough for you? You want three houses, and a herd of cows, and your own threshing-machine perhaps? Wouldn't your like your apron of silk and your *muszuly*† turned up with velvet?"

He tossed aside the weed he had dug up and turned away.

"You may have even that if you will say so," he said, half under his breath.

Her eyes filled with tears.

"I want nothing," she cried. "I don't care for his houses. . . . I would love him the same if he was a beggar in the road. . . . But I . . . I am glad all the same that he is rich, father, for so we needn't take a *krajcár*‡ of what is yours—"

She faltered, for he had turned on her suddenly with a look as if she had struck him. But he said nothing more. And after a while he went to the gate and out into the road.

"Curse him, curse him, curse him!" he cried. "Why has he such long legs and such black eyes? It's enough to turn any girl's head."

He went to the end of the bridge and looked down into the water.

"She'll marry him, she says . . . but the summer's long yet. . . . She may grow tired of him . . . or he of her. . . ."

He put his hands in his pockets and began to whistle.

"A year or two ago he seemed rather taken with Kucsma Péter's wife. . . . Maybe she remembers it yet. . . . It's true that Kucsma Péter nearly killed her that time he found them talking over the fence. . . . But after all, that's her look-out, not mine!"

He left off whistling and chuckled as he had chuckled once before that day. Then he turned and went back to the house.

All that summer it seemed as if a very devil had taken possession of Kupa Márton. He was everywhere,

* *Párta*—a crown set with wax pearls worn by the peasant girls in some districts of Transylvania when they go to church on Sundays.

† *Muszuly*—a petticoat of black or dark-blue stuff turned up with red or yellow cloth.

‡ *Krajcár*—kreuzer.

gossiping in doorways, fishing down by the mill, soaking hemp with the women, drinking at the Jew's with the men. And every word that he let fall stirred some hidden grain of hatred, ripened some secret envy or some unconscious lust.

And women who had thought that they loved Ilon and were glad of her good fortune began to tell her stories of Hajdu András' past. And girls with whom he had never spoken, smiled at him over their prayer-books, forgetting the parson. His chief *béres*,* Dénes Bandi, muttered darkly at revenge, no man could have told why. But Kucsma Péter's pretty wife, Annikó, sat in her garden and sang.

Kis Pista grew lean as a vagrant dog, and when he lay under the stars at night he shivered as if he had had the fever. But not a morning passed that he did not bring some offering to Ilon's window—a basket of trout bought from some Vallach lad at the price of his breakfast, or a hare killed with a stone as it scampered over the ditch. And Ilon smiled, and blushed, and stopped to say a word or two as she went over the bridge. And Kupa Márton, watching her from his garden, said to himself—"She's beginning to like him."

But there were days when she ran past without a word, and cried, while she shelled the beans for supper. Then Kupa Márton thought—"She's been with the women. They've told her about Annikó!"

But if he went out into the fields next noon, and looked about him for Ilon, he always found her under the big mulberry tree, eating off the same leaf with Hajdu András. And then there would come over him the feeling of a man who is working against a current that is stronger than he.

And so the summer passed at last, and there came the time of the harvest, when no one has leisure for love-making, nor for envy, nor for hate. Kupa Márton, straightening himself now and then to wipe the sweat from his brow, saw Hajdu András in his own field, bent over his sickle, and looking neither right nor left. And he wondered whether his diligence was all due to the storm that was threatening, or whether it had another cause?

Ilon, too, was working with an ardour that made the women shake their heads. There was not a girl in the field that day who had bound so many stacks as she. And when Hajdu András loaded his last wagon and drove off amid the shouts of his men, it was in vain they called her to the roadside to wave her kerchief after him. She had no time, she said.

And so, when at last all the wheat was garnered, and the folk had gone off to the dance, it was with a heart lightened of a load that Kupa Márton sat down on his bench to smoke.

"You Ilon," he said, searching in his pocket for a match; "why didn't you go to the dance?"

She sat down by his side.

"I didn't want to," she said listlessly.

"You'd have found lads enough to dance with you. . . ."

"Who knows?" she said.

"Who? I! There's Kis Pista, for instance! He'd give his right arm to dance with you. And it's a good arm, strong and sinewy, for all his shirt is torn."

"Yes," she said; but she did not listen; her eyes were on the street. And she got up, slowly, as one who hears something in a dream.

Then the gate opened, and Hajdu András came in, clad in his whitest linen. Ilon flew down the path to meet him. And they came back together, his arm round her waist.

Kupa Márton got up.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Well," said Hajdu András, taking off his hat and looking at the rosebud in it, "I want Ilon."

"Ilon?"

"Yes. She says she loves me, and I love her. And so I should like to marry her, now the reaping is over. I ask nothing with her but the clothes she has on. . . ."

Kupa Márton's fingers closed convulsively over the pipe they were holding. He said nothing. But a sudden vicious gleam leaped up in his eyes like a spark.

He hesitated but for an instant. From every slanderous word he had ever spoken there had risen a devil to push him on. And he spoke.

"You want Ilon?" he said slowly. "*Ilon*? Why, she's not fit to be the wife of any honest man, least of all of a Hajdu. I, her father, say it!"

"Father!"

She sprang forward, then stopped and gazed at Kupa Márton in horror. There was a long pause. Hajdu András breathed heavily.

"It's not true," she said at last, under her breath. "Tell him it's not true, or I'll jump into the pool!"

Kupa Márton looked at her. And there came into his mind a thought of the speedwells, on which even the wind dares not blow as it blows on other flowers else they would not live a day.

He turned away sullenly.

"No, it's not true," he said. "It's a damned lie! Are you content?"

With that he went into the house and slammed the door. But after a while he came back, and on his shoulder he carried the little blue-and-yellow tulip-box† which had stood by the side of his bed. Without a glance at either of the two, he went down the path and out by the gate. And they could see him as he stopped on the edge of the field and, with a passionate gesture, flung it into the pool.

Then he came back.

"Now take her," he said to Hajdu András. "Wrap her in leaf-gold, if you will, and slick diamonds in the place of her eyes . . . and be damned to you!"

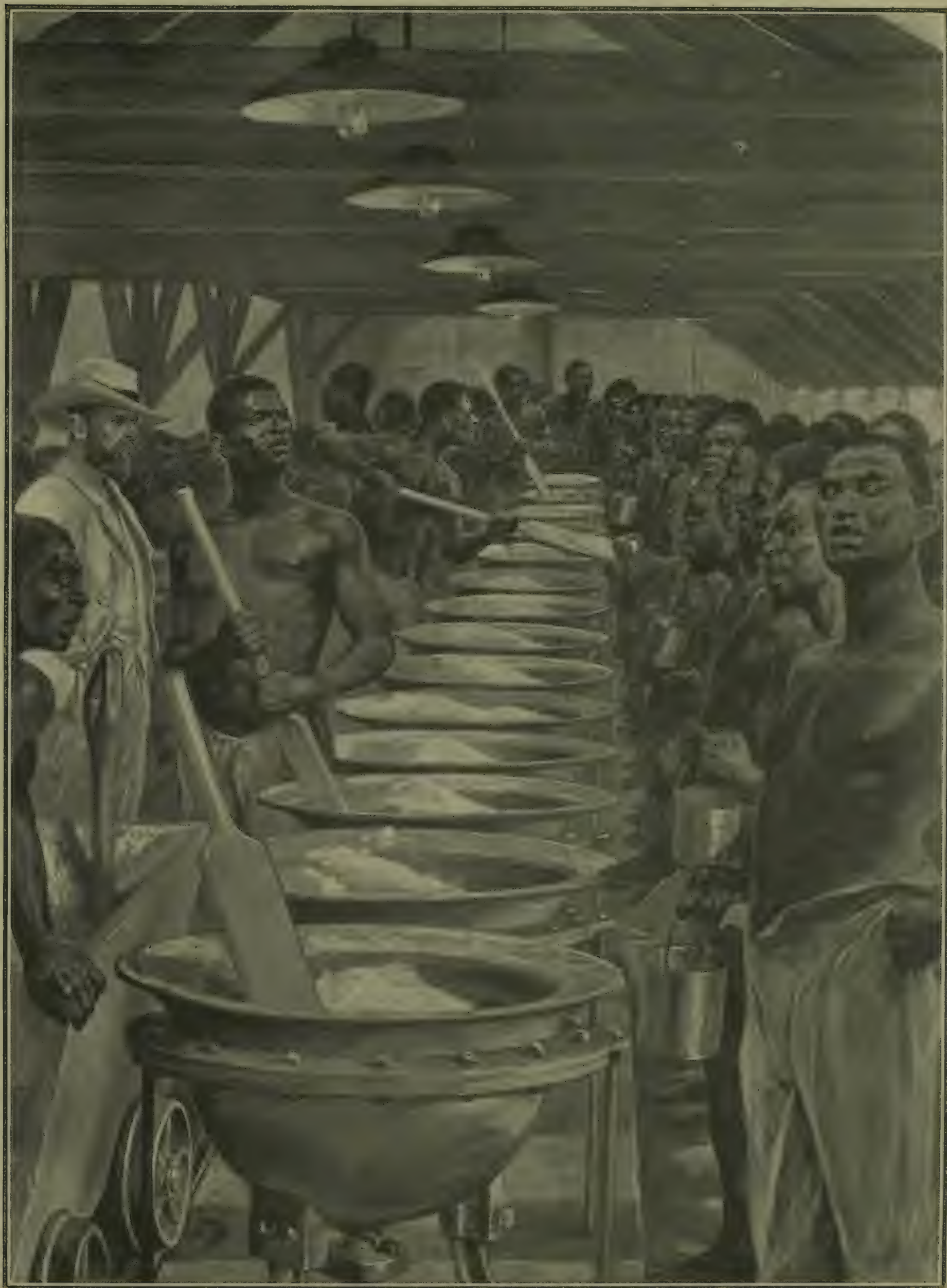
Without another word, he went into the house. And there he sat down by the table, and, burying his face in his sleeve, he cried—as old people cry who have nothing more to live for.

* *Béres*—farm-hand.

† *Tulip-box*—a box or chest of wood painted with yellow tulips and pink roses. There is one in every peasant's cottage in certain districts of Transylvania.

DINNER-TIME IN THE COMPOUNDS FOR SOUTH AFRICAN LABOURERS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



SERVING OUT A HUGE MEAL OF RICE.

The scene is not in the actual dining-room of a mining compound, but in the boiling-house adjoining. The rice is served out with wooden shovels from the pans, which are heated by steam.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

THERE is something agreeably mysterious in the newly discovered portrait of Charlotte Brontë published in the *Cornhill Magazine*. It does not closely resemble the well-known portrait by the late Mr. George Richmond. It appears that M. Paul Héger, who sat to Miss Brontë for the hero of "Villette," never saw her after 1844, so he cannot have sketched her from the life in 1850, as an inscription declares that he did. But then one does not know who wrote the inscription. This "Paul Héger" answers to the mysterious "P. Oudry" of a more famous portrait of a more famous subject, dated 1578. The portrait is rather in Thackeray's manner, but I am not able to prove that it is by Thackeray, while another hypothesis which occurs to the scientific mind is too romantic for publication at present.

The oddest thing is the inscription on the back: "The wearing of the Green. The first time since Emily's death." Who could have written that except Miss Brontë herself, or one of her family? There is a daring in the statement which is beyond the forger; while again, if he meant to forge, he would not make his subject quite unlike her well-known portrait. Of course, I do not know whence the drawing came, but it is to be presumed that it was from a plausible source.

The research of a lady has just discovered a strange fact in portraiture. In the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign we do not expect to find an English portrait-painter practising in Paris, though there is a legend that Nicholas Hilliard did work in that capital. But, in the account-books of the Duchess of Lorraine, we find that her painter was Jacques l'Anglois, "English James," who executed for her, in Paris, a likeness of Mary Queen of Scots, for which he received forty-eight francs. Perhaps L'Anglois was an inherited name, from an English ancestor; perhaps we are on the track of an early unknown English artist, and it will be necessary to hunt him through the account-books of the Duchess.

I am told that a portrait, apparently of a modern lady, was lately examined, and found to be a contemporary likeness of one of the wives of Henry VIII., Catherine Howard, the prettiest of the spouses of that royal Bluebeard. Some economical owner had it painted over and adapted into a portrait of his wife! This is only an anecdote which came up in the course of conversation, but one never knows what may hide under the obvious surface of a picture. For example, George IV., in a scarlet uniform, lay under an admired Titian. The Venetian work was a modern forgery painted over the British monarch. An improbable portrait of Mary Stuart, in the Bodleian Library, was peeled off, I believe, at the suggestion of Sir David Wilkie, and beneath it was found another portrait of the same Queen, at least as apocryphal. There may be good pictures under the bad family portraits of ancestors of the eighteenth century, in some cases. People who knew nothing of art were economical in canvas.

One is lured, in contempt of economy, to buy all the new books of the publishers whom the *Times* requests its subscribers to boycott. It is funny to entreat readers of the *Times* to pledge themselves not to buy books, as if they ever did buy any books. These people who desire to purchase new books at a price much below the common remind me of the ladies who haunt the sales of dealers in fripperies. It is not the frippery that they want, but the "bargain": they are like Lydia in "Pride and Prejudice," when she purchased her celebrated bonnet. Out of contempt of such characters I must invest in the books on the Todas and the Malays, published by the boycotted Messrs. Macmillan. The religion of the Todas is based on dairy-farming; every dairyman is in minor orders, and I suppose that the dairymaids are vestals. One is naturally anxious to know more about a people with such an original theology. They are polyandrous; every wife has several husbands, perhaps because, the majority of the women being dairymaids, there are not wives enough to go round.

Some Americans have an odd craze for believing that the rightful heirs of British peerages are Americans "kept out of their own." One of these queer people asks me whether Jemima, the heiress of the Macdougall line of Earls of Tobermory, was not really a daughter of Queen Mary? Was not James VI. a son of fat old Lady Reres, not of Queen Mary? The present Duke of Tobermory is descended from the fifth son of the Earl of 1715. But what became of the fourth son? The peerages say that he died young, without offspring. But did he not "escape to America," and is he not the Thomas Robertson who married a fair colonist in 1730, and is not a certain Robert Thompson the son of this Thomas Robertson, and are not his descendants Earls of Tobermory and Kings of Scotland? Will I not get at the family papers, now kept in Melrose Abbey, and clear the matter up? The names I here alter, but all this tissue of nonsense is solemnly laid before my reluctant eyes, in the hope that some possible J. P. Robertson is Duke of Tobermory!

Mr. Frederic Harrison, in his new book of collected essays, has a gentle and joyous passage of arms with the Rev. Mr. David Macrae and some other Scottish patriots. The battle is fought in three rounds, but as Mr. Harrison does not print the attacks and rejoinders of his opponents, it is not clear that, like the Sassenach in the story, they had not "cunning plows." They appear to want us to speak, not of England, but of Britain, as the name of our country. To be quite safe, we should say "The United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland." "Great Britain" was brought in by James I. and VI., but did not "catch on."

There is a heraldic trouble, too: "the fat," as actors say, of the Royal Arms is claimed for the Stuart Lion, as against the English "libbards," now lions; and scutcheon of pretence is suggested, with the Hanoverian quadruped, but is, I think justly, ridiculed by Mr. Harrison. But I am no herald. Is Mr. Harrison himself not a MacHendrig (Henryson, Henderson, Harryson, Harrison) of Glencoe? He thinks not.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3249 and 3250 received from Fred Long (Santiago, Chile); of Nos. 3251 and 3255 from Laurent Changuiou (St Helena Bay, Cape Colony); of No. 3258 from Richard Murphy (Wexford) and Leo M. Brown (Mobile, U.S.A.); of No. 3259 from C. Field junior (Athol, Mass) and Rev. A. Mays (Bedford); of No. 3260 from A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Albert Wolff (Putney), Marco Salem (Bologna), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), the Chess Department of the Reading Society (Corfu), and B. Messenger (Bridgend); of No. 3261 from Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Souza Couto (Lisbon), A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), and the Chess Department of the Reading Society (Corfu).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3262 received from S. J. England (South Woodford), F. Henderson (Leeds), R. Worters (Canterbury), F. R. Bell, P. Daly (Brighton), J. Hopkinson (Derby), Shadforth, F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), Charles Burnett, J. Harris-Liston, M.D., Sorrento, H. L. Foster (Liverpool), E. J. Winter-Wood, J. Fox (Clifton), Rev. P. Lewis (Ramsgate), Richard Murphy (Wexford), and Albert Wolff (Putney).

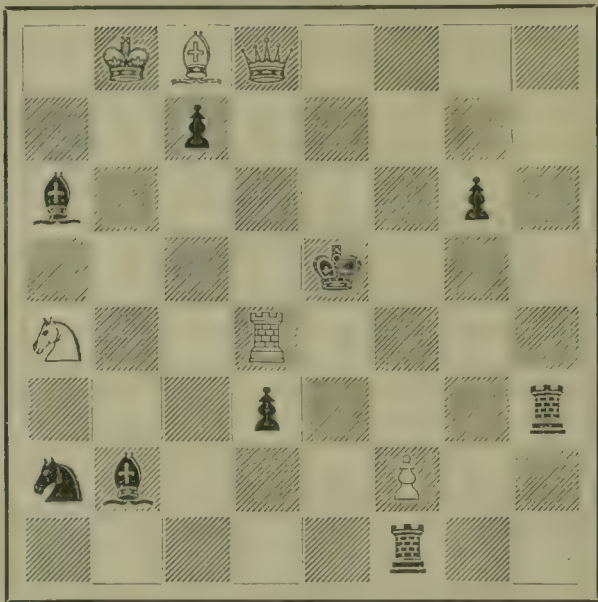
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3261.—By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 7th K takes P
2. Q to Q B 7th Any move
3. Q mates

If Black play 1. K to K 4th, 2. Q to K 7th, and if 1. K to B 4th, then 2. P to K 5th, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3264.—By B. G. LAWS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

By H. E. KIDSON (from the Chess Amateur).

White: K at K R 8th, Q at K R 3rd, B at K B 2nd, Kt at Q 4th, Pawns at Q R 3rd and Q Kt 4th.

Black: K at Q B 5th, R at Q B 8th, B at Q R 7th.

White mates in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tourney of the City of London Chess Club, between Messrs. F. E. HAMOND and C. J. WOOD.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	21. Q R to Kt sq	Kt to B 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	22. P to Q Kt 3rd	Q to B 4th
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	23. B to K 4th	P to Q Kt 4th
4. P to Q 4th	Kt takes Q P	24. P to Kt 4th	Q to K 2nd
5. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	25. K R to K sq	
6. Q takes P			
P to K 5th is favoured by the authorities. It was, for instance, used by Morphy against Anderssen.		White takes every chance offered, and his play throughout is marked by deadly accuracy.	
7. Q to K 3rd	P to B 4th	25. Q to Q 2nd	P to R 5th
	Q to K 4th (ch)	26. P to B 5th	P to R 4th
These last two moves badly compromise Black's position. They form no attacking combination—premature under any circumstances—they only develop the opposition, and enable the defence against the coming advance of the adverse King's Pawn.		27. Q to B 3rd	Kt to Kt 6th (ch)
8. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 2nd	28. B takes R	
9. B to Q 2nd	Castles	29. K to R 2nd	B takes Kt
10. P to K 5th	Kt to Kt 5th	30. Q takes B	P takes B
		31. R to K 3rd	Q to B 2nd
There is really little better to be done. If Kt to K sq, Kt to Q 5th should win, and elsewhere the Knight cannot go. It is another example of the pitfalls of the Ruy Lopez.		32. R takes Kt (ch)	
11. Q to Kt 3rd	P to Q 3rd	With a clear Rook to the good White can afford to indulge in the slaughter that follows, which puts an effectual stop to any possibility of surprise.	
12. P takes P	B to B 3rd	32. Q takes P (ch)	P takes R
13. P to Q 7th	Q to Q Kt 5th	33. Q takes Q (ch)	Q takes Q (ch)
14. Castles	B to K 4th	34. K takes Q	R to Q sq
15. P to B 4th	B to Q 5th (ch)	35. P to B 6th	K to B sq
16. K to R sq	P to K R 4th	36. K to B 4th	R to Q 3rd
17. P takes B (a Q)	Q R takes Q	37. K to B 5th	K to K sq
18. B to Q 3rd	P to B 5th	38. R to K sq	K to B sq
19. B to B 5th	R to B 3rd	39. R to K 2nd	R to R 3rd
20. P to K R 3rd	R to K R 3rd	40. P to B 3rd	
Ingeniously protecting the Knight.		In a few more moves Black resigns.	

CHESS IN BOHEMIA.

Game played between Dr. LERCH and O. DURAS.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Dr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. D.)	WHITE (Dr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. D.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	17. B to B 2nd	Q R to Q sq
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	18. Q to K sq	P to K B 4th
3. Kt to Q B 5th	Kt to K B 3rd	19. R to B 3rd	P takes P
4. B to Kt 4th	Q Kt to Q 2nd	20. B takes P	B to Q 4th
5. P to K 3rd	P to B 3rd	The interest of the play now centres in the fact that each side finds its only defence lies in pressing an attack, and some exciting moments ensue.	
6. P to Q 3rd	B to K 2nd	21. Q to R 4th	B takes B
7. Kt to B 3rd	Castles	22. Kt takes B	Q to B 7th
8. Castles	P takes P	23. Kt to Kt 5th	R to Q 8th (ch)
9. B takes P	Kt to Q 4th	24. R to K B sq	K R to Q sq
10. B takes B	Q takes B	25. P to B 5th	
11. P to Kt 4th		With the perils threatening White, this looks almost grotesque as a defence; yet it is a decisive victory. It is a charming reply, and another illustration of what Pawns can do in the hands of a master.	
The advance of P to K 4th at the right moment is always effective in this opening, and here it is so well timed that it just turns the balance in White's favour.		25. P to B 6th	P to K R 3rd
12. B to Kt 3rd	P to K 4th	26. P to B 6th	R takes Q R
13. P takes P	Kt takes P	If P takes P, 27. Kt to K 6th, R takes R; 28. Q to Kt 4th (ch), K to B 2nd, 29. R takes R (ch), K moves; 30. R takes R and wins.	
14. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt	27. P to B 7th (ch)	K to R sq
15. P to K B 4th		28. R takes R	R to Q 8th (ch)
Special attention should be given to the very skilful use White makes of his Pawns in every stage of the game.		29. Q to K sq	R takes Q
15. Q to B 4th (ch)		30. R takes R	Resigns
16. K to R sq	B to K 3rd	A beautiful game, good on both sides, and finely won.	

A three-move problem tourney is announced by *El Pais*, which is one of the daily journals published in Mexico. Entries will be received up to Dec. 31, and the award will be made in March 1907. Competing problems to be addressed Chess Editor, *El Pais*, Segunda de San Lorenzo 19, Mexico City, Mexico.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

SOME ZOOLOGICAL MYSTERIES.

NATURAL history resembles other departments of thought and research in that it offers a folk-lore side for the consideration of the antiquary and archæologist. Indeed, there is, perhaps, no more interesting phase of the task of grubbing among the relics of the past than is presented by the investigation of the often quaint notions which our ancestors entertained regarding the animal and plant life by which they were surrounded. From the mysteries of the mandrake to the discussing of unicorns, flying dragons, and other remarkable animal personalities, a very wide field presents itself for study to him who loves to dive into the romantic side of life science. To-day, things in this direction seem to have been almost whittled down to the sea-serpent as the solitary representative of mystical zoology, although there remain a few other creatures whose possible existence in out-of-the-way corners of the world affords a theme for the occasional deliberation of science.

The old story of the most foolish legend possessing a nucleus of truth, would appear to hold good for many zoological myths and fables. It is possible the unicorn stories may have been founded upon the existence of an Indian animal, well known to us, the Nylghau, a species of antelope; while the one-horned rhinoceros, with the horn in course of legendary evolution transferred from the nose to the forehead, and a greater elegance of body provided for, may also lay claim to a share of the parental interests of the myth. Flying dragons find a very probable origin in the extinct reptilian pterodactyls, which flew through the air after the fashion of bats, by means of a broad wing-membrane, supported chiefly by one enormously elongated finger on each hand. Humbler animals like the barnacles have also contributed their share to the myths of zoology. The idea that these crustaceans, which attach themselves to the sides of ships, gave origin to barnacle geese, long held sway in natural history circles of old. Max Müller tells us that a confusion of name here led to a confusion of identity. For the geese found in Ireland, among other places, were called *Bernicula*, which represents a shortening of *Hibernicula*; and as the barnacles were also named *Bernaculæ*, a similarity in designation evolved the idea of an intimate relationship between the very dissimilar animals.

Stories of long-suffering toads and frogs, entombed in "solid" rocks, represent myths such as arise from imperfect observation of the circumstances under which such animals are discovered. These creatures can certainly live for long periods of time—Dr. Buckland's experiment set the limit at about two years—enclosed in cavities, and deprived of water or other food. But the fable credits these pent-up amphibians with lasting for untold geological ages. If this were the case, these zoological Rip Van Winkles would prove really to be far older than the oldest fossil frogs and toads, "which is, of course, absurd," as the phrase has it. When a rock is smashed up, no one can then assert that it was a solid mass, and the possibility of a toad or frog in its young state gaining access to the interior of the rock through some crevice, and growing so that it could not escape from its durance vile, never seems to occur to the minds of those who are fond of perpetuating stories of such modern miracles in the way of animal survivals.

Beyond these and like legends, however, lie others which exhibit somewhat different features. The notion that certain animals, supposed to have long been extinct, may still live on in remote and inaccessible parts of the earth, is one frequently exploited. That gigantic bird of the New Zealand islands, the Moa, is said every now and then to have been discovered alive, but no living Moa has ever been found, though its bones are common enough in the superficial deposits of its native land. Hidden in the sea depths, and rising seldom from the ocean abysses, reptilian forms of huge size have been credited with occasionally revisiting "the glimpses of the moon." But reptiles require to come to the surface to breathe, for they possess lungs alone, as respiratory organs. Even the turtles and alligators that are capable of remaining for long periods below water must now and then take in a fresh supply of atmosphere. As the supposed reptilian denizens of the deep must exhibit a like habit, it is tolerably certain they would have been discovered in their visits to the surface had their existence been a reality.

One very curious illustration of the alleged revival of some gigantic animal, whose nature was much discussed at the time of its supposed appearance, is found in an account given seriously and exactly in scientific journals in 1878. The animal in question was called the "Minhocao." It was believed to be an earthworm of gigantic size, inhabiting the highlands in the south of Brazil. This underground monster was said to attain a length of fifty yards, and a breadth of five yards, and was covered with a bony armour. Popular accounts credited it with being a worm, but it is hard to conceive of any worm exhibiting the characters given of this creature, which was said to uproot trees and to cause very grave disturbance of the soil in its burrowing operations.

Other accounts credited the "Minhocao" with being a species of armadillo, and, what is more to the point, a survival of these extinct giant species, classed under the name of *Glyptodonts*, whereof specimens are to be seen displayed in the Natural History Museum of London and elsewhere. Not so long ago, the story of the "Minhocao" was revived to such purpose that a London newspaper proposed to send out an expedition to Brazil in order that the truth of the narrative might be practically tested, and, if possible, of course, that the specimen of the burrowing giant might be secured. I do not think that expedition was persevered in—at least, there are no details forthcoming from zoological records of even its start. I fear that the idea of the existence of a gigantic armadillo, surviving from the Glyptodont days, must be consigned to the limbo reserved for exploded myths.

ANDREW WILSON.

THE TOURING-CAR IN 1860: AN ODD PRECURSOR OF TO-DAY'S LUXURY AT THE OLYMPIA SHOW.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A CONTEMPORARY PICTURE IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



RICKETT'S STEAM-CARRIAGE FOR COMMON ROADS.

The vehicle was built by Mr. Rickett, of the Castle Foundry, Buckingham, and was shown to Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in the early part of 1860. It had a 10-h.p. two-cylinder engine. The weight was 30 cwt., and with a full load—water 12 cwt., coal 3 cwt., and passengers 5 cwt.—the gross weight was 2½ tons. On good roads sixteen miles per hour

was attained. The tank held ninety gallons of water, enough for a ten miles' run. The consumption of coal was 8 to 10 lb. per mile. Of the two hind wheels one was engaged by a clutch, so that, when disengaged, they permitted the vehicle to turn in its own length without stopping. It is curious to contrast this vehicle with the touring-cars of to-day.

"OF THE MAKING OF BOOKS."

WE confess to finding most tabloid literature nauseating, however great the care shown in its preparation, however neat or however gaudy the cover that forms its label. Yet we welcome Mrs. Kate Perugini's "The Comedy of Charles Dickens" (Chapman and Hall), realising that as a man, by gradually increasing a daily measure of laudanum, may come in time to drink it from a tumbler, so he may, by first taking a classic as a "dose," end by finding in it a pleasure for which he craves. The volume will not, of course, appeal to Dickens-lovers. That does not matter. It is not intended to. Its business is to create Dickens-lovers, not to satisfy them, and in this it should succeed. Surely there are few with any sense of humour, any knowledge of human nature, any appreciation of the tragi-comedy of life, who could read the extracts without desiring to read the great whole of which they are a part. In a Preface that is necessarily somewhat in the nature of an apologia, Mrs. Perugini explains that she has laid aside with extreme reluctance many of the scenes taken from the comedy of her father's books: that, obviously, having a mere five hundred and forty odd pages at her disposal, she was compelled to do. She may congratulate herself, nevertheless, on having made a judicious selection, every book is represented—and represented well—from the "Sketches" to the eternal "Mystery of Edwin Drood." Nor need she fear for her "Notes." To those who will meet Dickens for the first time in her company they are necessary, vital, if there is to be complete understanding. They comprise a word or two about each book and its production, and—hateful word suggestive of "Our New Feuilleton"—a synopsis sufficient to lead up to each extract, neither more nor less. Altogether, Mrs. Perugini's work should serve its purpose well.

Mr. H. B. Irving's "Occasional Papers" (Bickers) suggests anything rather than occasional, casual study. Had it been possible, Mr. Irving would doubtless have burned the midnight oil at the Museum; as it is, he must have squandered some daylight there, and worked his own lamp hard. His fault, if fault it be in such a case, is over-thoroughness—a desire for accuracy and nothing but accuracy that impels him too often to sacrifice the great god Fancy on the altar of the god Fact. Yet his facts are of themselves interesting; his method of presenting them facile, if not fresh. They show their compiler as a dual personality—as actor and as criminologist. As actor, we have him speaking with authority on "The English Stage in the Eighteenth Century," "The Art and Status of the Actor," "Colley Cibber's 'Apology,'" and "The Calling of the Actor"; as criminologist, we have him speaking with equal authority on "The True Story of Eugene Aram," "The Fall of the House of Goodere," the gruesome but fascinating "Fualdès Case," and "The Early Life of Chief Justice Scroggs." Each essay is well worth the printing or the reprinting, as the case may be.

As the horizon of our knowledge widens, and a part of the teaching of science enters the domain of universal acceptance, the world is known, even to school-children, in many aspects of which previous generations knew nothing. Twenty years ago few schoolmasters would have spoken to their pupils about the old or new Stone periods, or the age of Bronze; such tales would have been held to contravert Bible teaching. Nowadays, we have changed all that, and in a selection of stories entitled "From Paleolith to Motor-Car" (A. J. Whiten and the *Clarion* Newspaper Company), Mr. Harry Lowerison, of the Ruskin School-House, has constructed the story of Heacham, in Norfolk, from the times of which history can take little note, through the period of Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman settlement down to the present day. Each period is treated in the form of a short story, and there are fourteen chapters. The book, which is full of instructive illustrations, gives evidence of patient research, and Mr. Lowerison has sufficient imagination and nearly sufficient sense of style to make his work interesting.

Mr. Edward Hutton has set himself in his "Sigismondo Malatesta, Lord of Rimini" (J. M. Dent) "to write fact as fiction." The attempt is by no means new. Nor is the feat of writing as a contemporary—at best it is but a game—so new as Mr. Hutton seems to think. Thackeray made a wonderful success of it in "Esmond"—that is, a relative success. No one could possibly take even "Esmond" to be the work of an early eighteenth-century man; it did not need the quick American's eye for the "different to"—a solecism habitual with Thackeray, but impossible in Esmond's time—to discover that there were slips in the mere English. Mr. Hutton's modernisms are such phrases as "a certain vitality" and "her strange beauty." His study of the tyrant of Rimini is not personal enough. The appearance of actuality is assiduously produced in the more private passages, but when we come to battles, the narrative grows impersonal, as it were, in spite of him. To give these battles as reported by an eye-witness would be a work of more than human wit. Mr. Hutton has done his best; but we would ask him and other authors who strain to take the same attitude, what value will their efforts have for the future reader? It is amusing to us in the twentieth century to see a twentieth-century man assuming the style of a fifteenth-century man, but it will not interest a twenty-first century man at all to see him do it. Mr. Hutton may have the modesty to disclaim any

hope of readers a hundred years hence, but no man making so serious a study of history as he has done ought to forego that hope; perhaps no author at all ought to write without it. Mr. Hutton's weighty and scholarly volume is illustrated. We close it sufficiently convinced that its facts have been made into animated fiction.

Were it not that Mr. Sturge Moore supplies the reason of his "Correggio" (Duckworth) on page 150, one might easily wonder why it came to be written. No intense personal joy for pictures in general, or for Correggio's in particular, is apparent there; nor, in spite of much literary philandering with the painter's aims, one bright illuminating passage with which an enthusiast would wish to approach the "Cupid's Reading Lesson," like those Pater has given us for our Leonardos, or such as send us buying tickets at Victoria because George Moore has spoken of a Watteau in "Evelyn Innes," and we must see it with our own eyes, where it hangs at Dulwich. But our author deals frankly when he alludes to "those who, like myself, have been set to work by the current fashion for illustrated monographs on the great masters." This naïve avowal lends further criticism a bad grace; a butterfly may be broken, but a willing drudge should not be harassed, and nothing remains save the consignment of the current fashion "to another place." Even fashion, however, must ask a certain fitness from its servant of the hour. An art critic should know, for example, that painters have no concern with "the light that never was on sea or land," to which reference is made more than once in this volume; the painter's god wears the image of man, and his heaven is the visible universe. Imagination should not be confounded with invention (page 30), and even when incredibly true, he should refrain from

INGENIOUS MR. EVELYN.

THE ease with which frail humanity chooses between the edifying and the unedifying is the key to the relative fascination of Evelyn and Pepys. Pepys we adore, Evelyn we respect. The one is a past-master of blazing indiscretion, the other the apostle of the sober, righteous, and godly life; so the honours are easy. But Mr. Evelyn, for all his sobriety, makes uncommonly good reading, and for that he is forgiven many flamboyant discretions. He was, of course, far too discreet. His corporeal evasions at moments of crises were always admirably timed, and they seem to have caused his latest editor some uneasiness, for they drive him perilously near apology. But if Mr. Evelyn lacked physical courage, there is at least one recorded instance when he proved himself no moral coward, and boldly withstood King James. *Ex pede Herculem*. He cannot have been altogether a prig, or Pepys and he would not have got on so well together. That, perhaps, is a better recommendation than his editor's catalogue of the diarist's domestic virtues, which are teasingly reminiscent of George III. in Byron's "Vision of Judgment."

The truth is, Mr. Austin Dobson is not quite at home with his Evelyn (Macmillan, three vols.) He himself makes that acknowledgment, and he anticipates the cry *Que faites-vous dans cette galère?* His introduction lacks that illuminating touch which this finest of eighteenth-century experts can give (when he takes pains) to the epoch of powder and patches. In mere literary allusion it smells somewhat of the lamp; as narrative it becomes too much a résumé of the Diary. One would like to have seen Mr. Evelyn set in true contrast to his times; for the man was that amusing paradox, a fashionable Puritan, or rather a puritanical man of fashion. He went everywhere, saw everything, and if he was sometimes shocked, he did not find it necessary to keep himself separate from sinners in the way he kept himself separate from soldiering. He contrived, better, perhaps, than any man, how to be in the world but not of the world. No better index to this curious equilibrium of Mr. Evelyn's mind, a very stable equilibrium indeed, can be found than the passage where he tells of the byplay between Charles and Nell Gwyn over the garden wall in St. James's Park. The note is hackneyed enough in all conscience, but as it has always been quoted hitherto as mere description of the King (cautious Mr. Evelyn leaves the sacred name blank) and Nelly, it may be given here as a foot-note to the diarist's psychology.

After an interview with Charles about the repairs at Windsor, Mr. Evelyn walked with his Majesty

through St. James's Park to the garden, where I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between . . . and Mrs. Nelly, as they called an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and . . . standing on the green walk under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene.

It must not be imagined, however, that either Evelyn or his latest editor's work are to be lightly esteemed. That he was no delightful rattle-pate like Pepys did not prevent him from being a very charming person, who was interested in every kind of virtuosity, from rare prints and cabinets to Italian singers and players on the harpsichord and theorbo. One imagines that Mr. Evelyn would have been best as a don. He was of Balliol, "fellow commoner," and he brought away from the University that *je ne sais quoi* which for all time declares the Oxford man. He returned to her shadow whenever he could, rejoicing in her fellowship, her fanes, her groves and streams—above all, in her antiquities and curious things. The Warden of Wadham, "that most obliging and universally curious

Dr. Wilkins," was his intimate friend, and he was pleased to meet that "prodigious young scholar" (the epithet recalls Dominic Sampson), "Mr. Christopher Wren, who presented me with a piece of white marble, which he had stained with a lively red, very deep, as beautiful as if it had been natural."

The last phrase is curious, for Mr. Evelyn only delighted in Nature when it was cut or distorted to his own liking. His landscape, as Mr. Dobson remarks, had to be "conventionally clipped and combed," and he is, above all, the apostle of the formal garden. His "Sylva," to which he owes his nickname "Sylva Evelyn," was a discourse on practical forestry, with an appendix on fruit-trees and a gardener's almanack. His "Cyclopædia of Horticulture" remained at his death a vast farrago of notes, at which he would still be peddling had the years of Methuselah been granted him. If his theory was chaotic, his practice was sound. The precepts of his Sylva saved the timber for England's navies. As to his landscape gardening, his domain of Sayes Court, near Deptford, became a marvel of the artificial. But in an evil day Mr. Evelyn's tenant sublet the house to Peter the Great, and that Imperial hooligan cudgelled the bowling-green into holes, and every morning had himself trundled in a wheelbarrow full tilt through the famous five-foot holly hedge, "the crowning glory of the Deptford grounds." Peter was ever very much the natural man. When he encountered Mr. Evelyn's dilettantism, the end was chaos. Even holly had no terrors for the exuberant Muscovite rowdy.

Although it has been hinted that we like Mr. Austin Dobson best in his own period, the hint carries no disrespect to his edition of Evelyn. To the notes of Bray and Forster he has added many of his own. These, he may rest assured, are apposite and informing enough to silence those critics from whom the learned and diligent editor expects the cry of "superfluous" or "something lacking."



JOHN EVELYN.

From Kneller's Portrait: Photogravure by Mr. Emery Walker, reproduced from the "Diary of John Evelyn" by the kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan.

confessing that he regards the work of Michael Angelo with a friendly bias because he knows so much of his life, as opposed to that of Phidias, of whom gossip tells nothing. Besides the unhappy quotation from Tennyson, it is a pity there should be so many citations from Goethe, seeing that he made a slip in "Wilhelm Meister" which proclaims him outside all real understanding of painting, and if for that phrase "agitated soul" were substituted "strength of the passion," which perhaps is as near the spirit of the Greek, Mr. Sturge Moore might see thereby why his "Correggio" resolves itself into a pale pedantry, and why Correggio himself must always fail to touch our hearts. There is some talk of a group of critics who shall also be creators; but it is difficult to picture Shakspere laying aside "King Lear" that he might frame an appreciation of the Elizabethan lyricists, or the author of "Hippolytus" leaving his contemplation of the world and Olympus for an illustrated monograph on the proportions of the Parthenon. With all such it must ever be "the strength of the passion," and not "the current fashion."

In the perfect anthology one desires to meet the poems that are like the faces of old friends. An anthology of surprises would bring its own thrills, but these are more delightful when they are found in the random passage from book to book. A double welcome, therefore, awaits Mr. Arthur Symonds' "Pageant of Elizabethan Poetry" (Blackie), for it contains so many verses that for all their familiarity cannot wax old, for they are of the gods themselves. The pageantry of the Elizabethan age has given him his key to the selection, and he sends his procession on its way with music and singing. It is almost a pity that he has been at pains to explain his scheme, especially as he confesses that he laboured to disguise it. He knows that the art that conceals art can never hide itself from those who see truly, and he might have trusted them to understand his purpose. But perhaps he was charitable to the others.

THE HORRIBLE PLUNGE OF A TRAIN AT ATLANTIC CITY: THE DEADLY UNGUARDED TRESTLE BRIDGE.



1. THE COACH THROUGH WHICH THE SURVIVORS ESCAPED

There were just under a hundred passengers on the train, and only a few of these escaped by climbing through the windows of the one coach that was partially submerged.

2. THE POINT WHERE THE TRAIN PLUNGED: THE CAR HALF SUBMERGED.

It has been found that the metals on the bridge were considerably higher than those of the ordinary track, so that it was impossible for a train travelling at high speed to avoid jumping the rails when it took the bridge. The majority of passengers in the first car were women and children.



WHERE SIXTY PEOPLE LOST THEIR LIVES: THE WRECKED TRAIN IN THE WATER.

On October 28 a three-car electric train on the Pennsylvania Railway dashed over the trestle bridge that spans "the Thoroughfare," the water that separates Atlantic City from the mainland. The third car hung for a moment on the abutment of the bridge, then the whole train fell into the river. Like most American trestle bridges, on which terrible accidents are frequent, that at Atlantic City had no protecting parapet. There was consequently no escape for a train once derailed.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC MUSEUM OF TOPICAL THEMES.



Photo, "Leslie's Weekly."

A QUEER RAILWAY SIGNAL: AN ODD USE FOR A STEAM-SHOVEL.
On the Panama Canal route one of the French steam-shovels now abandoned has been used by the engineers to carry a railway signal. On the top of it is a look-out box.



Photo, "Leslie's Weekly."

THE STRANGEST OBSERVATORY IN THE WORLD: A CANVAS STRUCTURE.
The observatory, which might be mistaken for some new form of flying-machine, has been erected by the Carnegie Institute on Mount Wilson, Los Angeles, California.



Photo, Topical Press.

THE MESSENGER-BOY COMES TO BERLIN: A COMMISSION.
A service of district messengers has just been established in Berlin. The boys wear the same uniform as ours, and in the window of the office appears the familiar figure of a running messenger. The motto "Swift and Sure" is inscribed on the window.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE BIGGEST LOG-RAFT ON RECORD.
The raft was 600 feet long, and its total content was 4,000,000 feet of timber. It was towed to the sea from Oregon to San Diego. The lumber-rafts are one of the great sights of the United States and Canada. The men in charge live on these strange ships, and a great American was once tempted to make a voyage on one of them. But it was on a German, not on an American river that Mark Twain took his trip, described in "The Tramp Abroad," with many amusing sketches by the author.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE FRENCH DIVORCE: COUNT AND COUNTESS BONI DE CASTELLANE.
The Countess Boni de Castellane, née Miss Anna Gould, is seeking a divorce from her husband, and the case is one of the most sensational ever before the French Courts. The present photograph was taken last year during a hunt at Rambouillet.



THE HALL.



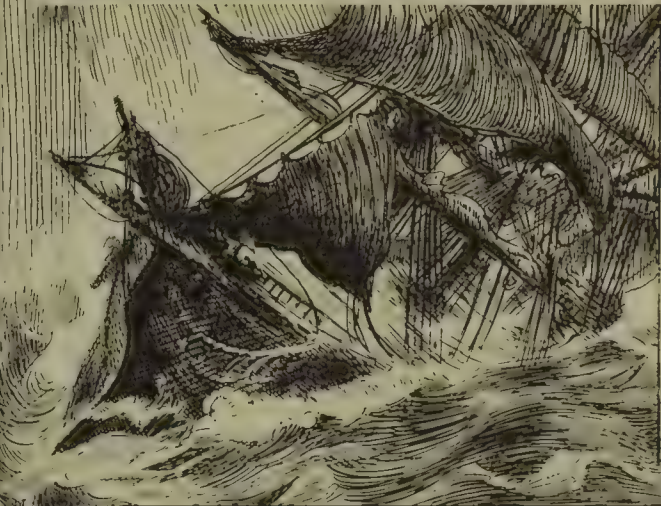
THE READING-ROOM.

THE FRENCH TELEPHONE-GIRL IN CLOVER: THE LUXURIOUS HOME FOR POST, TELEGRAPH, AND TELEPHONE WORKERS.

Last Sunday there was opened in the Rue de Lille a home for the Parisian post, telegraph, and telephone girls who live alone. The house is most comfortable, even luxurious. On the ground floor are a sitting-room, a library, a restaurant, a hall, and a court, the last laid out as a garden. Above are six storeys of rooms furnished on the most hygienic principles. The lighting and heating is electric. There are, in all, 111 rooms, at prices varying from 35 francs to 18 francs a month. Lunch or dinner at the restaurant is 95 centimes.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY UNIVERSAL PHOTO.]

SAVED BY A SAIL: RESCUES FROM THE TYPHOON PHOTOGRAPHED.

AN officer of the Ni-pon Yusen Kaisha's steam-ship "Sado Maru" has sent us these photographs of a rescue which his ship effected after the typhoon that wrecked Hong-kong. The "Sado Maru" encountered the storm just south of the Formosa Channel, but she rode it out splendidly. Shortly afterwards she sighted wreckage of Chinese junks, and the ship's company began to look out for castaways. A man was seen waving his hand from among the wreckage, so Captain Anderson brought his ship round and began the work of rescue. Before entering Hong-kong the "Sado Maru" had picked up sixty-four Chinese and one European pilot. Each Chinese said he was the survivor of a crew of twenty or thirty. One party of Chinese was saved by floating on a sail held up by battens. Among the survivors was a woman who must have been sixty years old. In striving to get hold of the lifebuoy she was nearly drowned, but a Japanese sailor jumped overboard and rescued her. In photograph No. 3 are the remains of a junk to which are clinging a Chinaman and a little boy, the only survivors of a crew of twenty.



A HUGH FISHER

1. SHIPWRECKED CHINESE KEPT AFLOAT BY A SAIL AND BATTENS. THOSE WITH CLOTHS ROUND THEIR HEADS ARE WOMEN.
2. THE SAIL-AND-BATTEN RAFT: THE LIFE-LINE FLUNG FROM THE "SADO MARU" TO THE SURVIVORS.
3. SURVIVORS ON THE WRECKAGE OF A JUNK: A CHINAMAN AND A LITTLE BOY.
4. WRECKAGE OF ONE OF THE JUNKS THAT FLOATED PAST THE "SADO MARU."

TRIUMPHANT IN TEN YEARS: FROM LEGAL DISABILITIES TO THE OLYMPIA SHOW.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



EXPOSING AN ABSURD LAW: THE FIRST MOTOR CAR IN ENGLAND COMPLYING WITH THE UNREASONABLE REGULATION OF THE RED FLAG, ABOLISHED NOVEMBER 14, 1896.

The first car in England was a Benz. It belonged to Mr. Harry Hewetson, who purchased it in Mannheim in 1894. It was a two-seated 3-h.p. car, which cost £80. Mr. Hewetson was warned that he could not use it in England on account of the law which required that all motors should be preceded by a man with a red flag. Mr. Hewetson, however, was determined to take the first step towards the introduction of the motor. When he first went out at Catford the local police were friendly, but at last they had orders at Scotland Yard to stop the car. Accordingly the owner sent a bicycle scout ahead, and had with him in the car a little boy, who, when the scout reported a policeman, got down and carried a flag. The flag was only a tiny scrap of red ribbon on a lead pencil, but it fulfilled the law.

THE BIRTHDAY HONOURS: NEW P.C.'s., BARONETS, AND KNIGHTS.



THE HON. MR. JUSTICE KEKEWICH
(Chancery Judge),
New Privy Councillor.



LORD SANDHURST
(Eminent Liberal Politician),
New Privy Councillor.



MR. SAMUEL SMITH
(Social Reformer and ex-M.P.),
New Privy Councillor.



MR. F. CAWLEY
(M.P. for Prestwich, Lancashire),
New Baronet.



MR. F. A. CHANNING
(M.P. for East Northamptonshire),
New Baronet.



MR. J. A. JACOBY
(M.P. for Mid-Derbyshire),
New Knight.



SIR WEST RIDGEWAY
(Distinguished Imperial Servant),
New G.C.B.



MAJOR A. W. BIGGS
(Vice-Chairman Political Committee, N.L.C.),
New Knight.



PROFESSOR W. M. RAMSAY, D.C.L.
(Most Distinguished British Archæologist),
New Knight.



MR. W. H. TALBOT
(Town Clerk of Manchester),
New Knight.



MR. HENRY NORMAN
(M.P. for South Wolverhampton),
New Knight.



MR. J. H. BETHELL
(M.P. for Romford),
New Knight.



The portraits in the margin are named by their new title. Mr. Shaw is a prominent citizen of Limerick; Mr. H. P. Cooke an eminent solicitor; Professor Byers is a distinguished Irish physician; Mr. Drumwell Thomas is the architect of Belfast City Hall; Dr. Hutchinson is a prominent physician who formerly added to the gaiety of the House of Commons; Mr. Clegg is an eminent citizen of Sheffield; and Mr. John Tweedy is the President of the Royal College of Surgeons.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, RUSSELL, ABERNETHY, HAINES, AND GUTTENBERG.]

THE HIGH CIVIC FESTIVAL OF THE YEAR: THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.

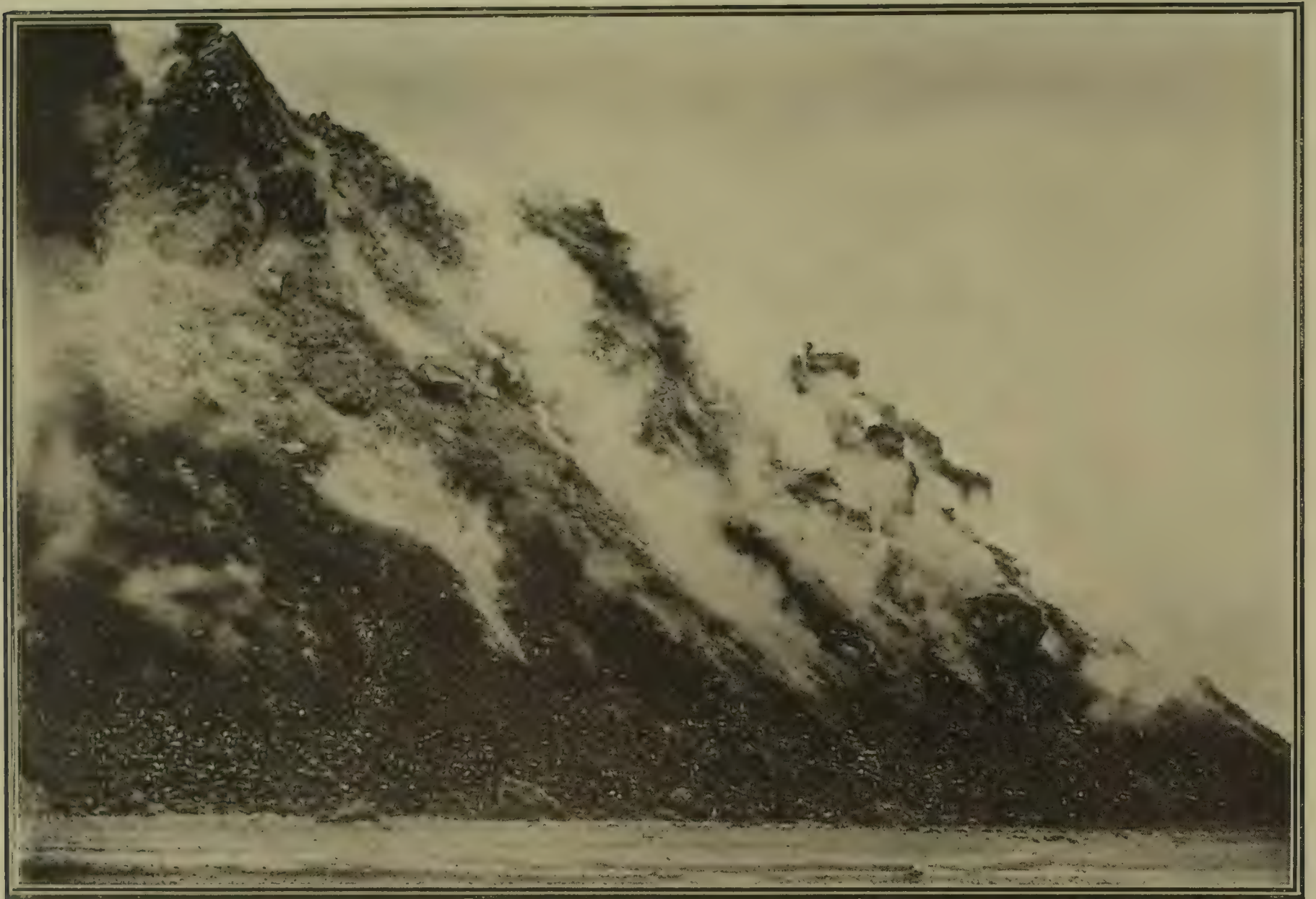
DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



THE WAR MINISTER AND OTHER SPEAKERS AT SIR WILLIAM TRELOAR'S INAUGURAL BANQUET, NOVEMBER 9.

Mr. Haldane replied to the toast "The Imperial Forces." Speaking in the name of the Government, he said, "that our solemn duty and obligation is to maintain at the present juncture in their full strength and fighting efficiency the forces of the Crown."

GEOGRAPHY ENRICHED AND SPORT IMPOVERISHED.



A VOLCANIC ADDITION TO DRY LAND: AN ISLAND RAISED FROM THE SEA DURING THE SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GRANTHAM BAIN.

The volcanic island is in the Aleutian group off the coast of Alaska. Lieutenant Hepburn, of the United States Navy, watched the island rise out of the Pacific at the time of the San Francisco earthquake. He named it Perry Island.



A RAINY ST. HUBERT: BLESSING THE HOUNDS OF THE HALLATE PACK IN INCLEMENT WEATHER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROL.

The French hunting season has opened in gloom. Threats of fantastic taxation touching the sources of revenue of the rural population and the early arrival of wintry weather have saddened St. Hubert's Day (November 3). Nevertheless, most of the great hunts have celebrated, less elaborately than usual, the customary rites of the patron of the chase. Bad weather caused the great Hallate pack to postpone the benediction of the hounds until November 8, and even then down came the rain again, and robbed the day's run of interest.

"The English nation is the first in the world in matters of personal cleanliness, and it is, therefore, all the more astonishing that so little serious attention is paid to the proper care of the mouth and teeth. The consequence is—and this is fully proved by statistics—that the English have more defective teeth and endure more suffering from diseases of the digestive organs than any other people in the world."

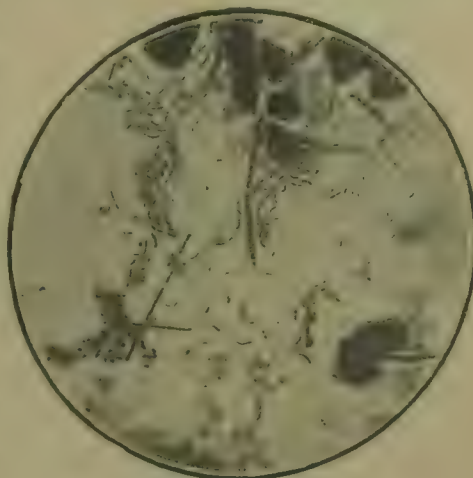


When one thinks of the fact that not millions but milliards of microbes and bacteria—of which this actual photograph of a minute drop of tooth moisture forms a specimen—are living in a neglected mouth, it seems nothing less than disgusting to allow such destruction to continue in our mouths and teeth.

It is simply incredible that there still exist many educated people who refuse to realise that it is an absolute necessity not only for the preservation of teeth, but also for the general health, to take regular care of the mouth and teeth.

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A PIONEER PETROL MOTOR-CYCLE.

THE cycle was the invention of Mr. Edward Butler, and a syndicate of his friends. A design was shown at the Inventions Exhibition of 1885. Owing to

phosphor bronze cylinders, water-jacketted, driving on a crank shaft within the hub of the driving-wheel, and connected therewith with an epicyclic train of toothed wheels. The maximum speed was fifteen miles an hour. The carburetter is the most interesting part of the mechanism,

charge of mixture in the cylinder; in this particular instance the asbestos-packed ignition-plugs of the two cylinders were supplied with high-tension current from one vibrator action induction coil, the sparking being timed by an adjustable rotary commutator which served



THE MACHINE: FRONT VIEW.



A SIDE VIEW OF THE MACHINE, SHOWING THE RADIATOR REMOVED AND DRIVING WHEEL OFF GROUND.

THE FIRST MOTOR-CYCLE: AN INVENTION OF 1887.

the three-mile speed-limit, however, any large development of the invention was at the time impossible. The steering-wheels were independent, the driving-wheel could be lifted off the ground to start the motor, and thus a clutch was unnecessary. There were two

as this motor was the first to be fitted with a float-feed spray atomiser for mixing petrol in a direct manner with air, on being drawn into the motor-cylinder. Another feature of this early invention is the anticipation of the electric method for ignition of the compressed

also as a distributor of the high-tension current. The cylinders were cooled by water circulating by thermo action from the jackets to a radiator arranged over the driving-wheel and fly-wheel of the motor-shaft. This radiator is seen on the front view behind the inventor.

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OLYMPIA SHOW

LADIES' PAGES.

HOW full town is at present is indicated by the fashionable attendance at the many Society weddings that have recently taken place. One of the most beautiful gowns was that worn by the Marchioness Camden at her sister-in-law's wedding; it was of a rich "old" blue velvet, a term that is now as well understood as "old" rose-pink, and the bands of chinchilla that trimmed it were perfectly in harmony; while some fine old lace at the front softened the whole. Equally well did chinchilla comport itself in company with Lady Juliet Duff's old-rose velvet gown at the Cavendish-Bentinck wedding. The bride herself in this case chose chiffon velvet for her travelling-gown. This was in the mauve shade of blue named after the little flower of the periwinkle, and it was embroidered on the sleeves and corsage with gold and blue threads, adorned with a deep collar of antique Venetian point lace, and finished off with kiltings of blue chiffon. The Duchess of Portland also patronised blue velvet of a rich, full tone, and in so many other instances was the same material and colour chosen that a blue velvet must be voted the most fashionable frock of the hour. It was interesting to see that in several cases earrings figured amongst the presents. The King confirmed the growing fashion, set originally by her Majesty, for wearing amethysts by giving Miss Cavendish-Bentinck a large, deep-coloured stone of this sort, set as a pendant; the amethyst was heart-shaped, and had a knot of diamonds at the top and a narrow ribbon of the same precious stones passing round and forming another smaller knot under the purple centre.

The incoming Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress are better known already to the public than is usual in the case of the City magnates. The Lord Mayor's philanthropy, warmly seconded by that of his wife, has attracted inevitable notice, and the Cripples' Christmas Dinner Fund that Sir W. Treloar organised and has carried on for many years past will no doubt profit by the advertisement it has received. I mention it for a purpose. The Lord Mayor's work in this direction has been carried on in connection with the Ragged School Union, which has gladly found little objects deserving of the charity, while Sir W. Treloar has made himself responsible for raising the money. The Ragged School Union, one of the objects dear to the heart of the late good Earl of Shaftesbury, was founded primarily to provide schooling for the gutter children of old; but this duty having passed to the London School Board, the function of the Ragged School Union is changed. It seeks now rather to find out and help the physically unfortunate little children of the very poorest class. An appeal is issued from time to time by the Union for young men and girls to undertake to act as friends and visitors to the little crippled children of the mean streets. Not much is asked in the way of money—it is the personal service that is needed; the regular letter sent, the occasional



AN ARTISTIC TEA-GOWN.

White crêpe-de-Chine is set in graceful folds, their origin draped with a fichu of the same edged with a frill; and bands of guipure lace from the stole and other trimmings.

visit to tell a story and to teach a simple lesson in reading and writing; then the gift of richer children's cast-off garments, or of a trifling toy, painting-book, or doll now and then—all that a middle-class young person can so easily do or get for a poor, shut-in and suffering mite. Any of my readers inspired to help in this way can obtain the name of a cripple or bed-ridden child unprovided with a visitor from the Ragged School Union's secretary, John Street, Bedford Row, and nobody will be more pleased than the Lord Mayor and his gracious lady if their elevation to the civic throne helps their crippled protégés.

One of the noblest of Victorian women has passed away in the person of Mrs. Priscilla Bright McLaren, who died at Edinburgh on Nov. 5, having lived to within a few weeks of her ninety-second birthday. She is the last survivor of the family born early in the nineteenth century to Jacob Bright, of Rochdale, and her brothers, John Bright and Jacob Bright, and her sister, Margaret Bright Lucas, were all well-known workers for the public good. Mrs. McLaren was a strong character and a true leader in thought, and yet she was womanly sweetness and charm incarnate. She was one of the pioneers of the movement for women taking a direct part in public affairs. Sixty years ago she was already actively working, and in company with Elizabeth Fry she visited the prisoners in Newgate. But her great interest was in the Women's Suffrage movement, of which she was one of the leaders from the very first organisation of the demand for votes for women, over forty years ago. Three separate families of children paid her maternal care a debt of gratitude. When John Bright was left a young widower, it was his sister Priscilla who took charge of his home for a time. Then she herself married the late Mr. Duncan McLaren, for many years M.P. for Edinburgh, and so came to "mother" his children, amongst whom are Lord McLaren, the Scotch Judge, and Dr. Agnes McLaren; and then she herself became the mother of two sons, now Sir Charles and Mr. Walter McLaren, and of one daughter. She had in Parliament at one time and another her husband, two brothers, two sons, a grandson, and several nephews; and for over half a century she was thus "indirectly represented" in the House of Commons. If ever a woman is so represented, too, this lady was, for her great personality made her revered by all who knew her, her intellect was so good, her wisdom of the heart so unfailing; and she was an admirable public speaker and one of the most brilliant and persuasive of letter-writers. Women's enfranchisement loses in her one of its best advocates, no less so by her lovely personality than by her faithfulness and her ability. Her two sons have, of course, been amongst the most steady supporters of their mother's opinions in this respect, and the last vote in Parliament that

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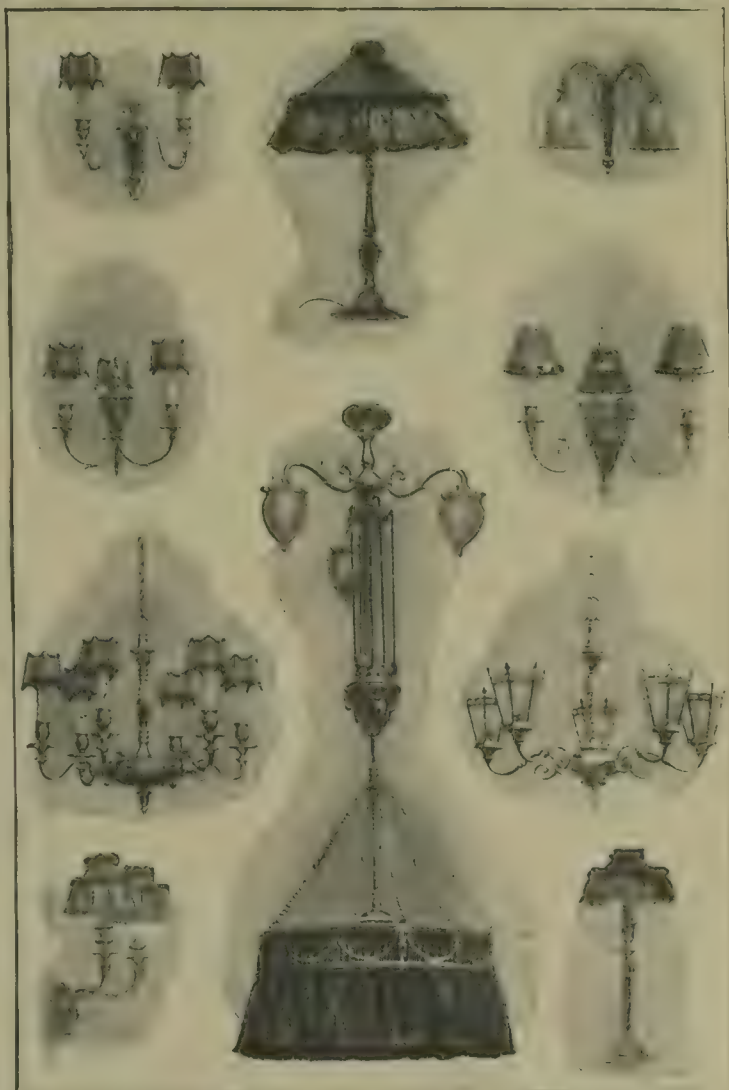
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was taken on this question was secured by her eldest son, Sir Charles McLaren, in 1904, when a resolution in favour of giving votes to women was passed in the House of Commons by a majority of 114. Mrs. McLaren retained every faculty of mind at her great age, and on Nov. 3, only two days before her death, dictated, at the request of the Edinburgh National Women's Suffrage Society, of which she was President, a message of "sympathy and admiration" to the nine women in prison; the worker of ninety years old added, surely touchingly, "We feel assured that your efforts will bear fruit at a very early date, in the passing of that measure of pure justice for which so many of us have now, for nearly half a century, by every constitutional means, striven in vain."

Madame Curie's first lecture as a Professor at the Sorbonne, and the award of one of the medals of the Royal Society to Mrs. Ayrton, are two interesting indications of how the sphere of women has been widened. Mrs. Ayrton is the second wife of her husband—himself a distinguished scientist—and his first wife was also a "learned lady," one of the earliest women in this country to take a medical degree. Professor Ayrton evidently believes in Bacon's advice—"Marry not a she-fool," for, the great Elizabethan added, in strange phrase which somehow seems to explain itself, "for she will *yirk* thee." One feels that this expressive word is a near relation of "irksome," which is precisely what a minority of men do find the sort of lady so unkindly described. Only a minority, though, I fear—the majority are, perhaps, still like Juvenal, and pray for a wife who is "a quiet, humble fool." As Mrs. Poyser said, "it takes some o' all sorts to make up a world?"

Perhaps there will be a difference in this respect of the wife a man will choose if the advice given by Lord Lytton at the Congress of "The Union of Parents," just held at Brighton, be taken to heart: he urged that quite young men ought to be taught by their parents to look forward to marriage and fatherhood, and to realise while still in earliest youth the importance of their future duty and responsibility as parents. This is so seldom thought of that it has the effect of novelty. That every girl ought to be trained from her childhood up to be a good wife and mother is a commonplace; but that a boy should ever be reminded that he may one day want to be a husband and father, and live with that hope in sight, is quite a fresh idea. Lord Lytton's paper was, however, very warmly received. It was a novelty in itself that the Congress was one "of Parents." Such a gathering is so usually one only "of Mothers." In another of the debates, too, Lord Lytton spoke good sense. Papers were read by Mrs. Earle, the writer of those charming garden books, and by Mrs. Fox, on the rôle of parents who are growing elderly, and both urged that middle-aged people should keep up-to-date and exert themselves to make the home attractive to their youthful adult children. One speaker thought the parents rather



BLOUSES FOR DEMI-TOILETTE.

1. Dinner blouse in delicate tinted mousseline-de-soie, with square of guipure as a vest, and frills edged with ribbon.
2. Corsage in pink Messaline, with bands of Oriental gold and coloured embroidery, and collar and cuffs of dark wine-coloured velvet; lace vest.

than the children should go out if they did not like the home made lively! It was suggested that mothers must try to exercise the most difficult of all the tasks of friendship, being friendly to their children's friends. Then arose Lord Lytton and most sensibly suggested that if family life be considered as a school of unselfishness and a field for the voluntary subordination of one's own feelings and likes and dislikes, the young people, like Alphonse Karr's "Messieurs les Assassins," should be the ones to "commence." Surely it is their place chiefly to do all this; they are still at the age for doing easily moral as well as physical gymnastics, and their elders are entitled to be the more stiff in habits as in muscles. Advancing years must have some compensations!

Hat-pins never were a more prominent feature of the headgear than they are now. Instead of being tucked away as much out of sight as possible behind folds of trimming, the hat-pin of the hour is aggressive, and seeks as much display as may be. There are some with big heads looking like Dresden china that are much used; and other popular ones are imitation tortoiseshell. Some excellent simulations of flowers, especially of the large czar violets, are made, and form a good finish to folds of velvet in harmonising colours. The pins are usually put in the front of the hat-shapes, and left sticking out a little, one on either side of the front. Gold-headed pins and others of glass in very delicate colourings are also seen, and can be employed with quite good taste at one time to fix and ornament the headgear. More costly pins are shown in real enamel, the colourings in these being at once very brilliant and artistic. Little hats are the most suitable for this sort of optional added trimming, but one frequently sees a couple of big hat-pins sticking out on each side of the front of a wide-brimmed hat on a well-dressed head, too.

A new fancy in smart gowns is to have the short sleeves made of chiffon or lace, no matter what the arrangement of the rest of the corsage may be. There is a band at or just under the elbow of the velvet or whatever the material of the gown is, but the puff of the sleeve-top above that is entirely, or all but so, of a delicate fabric. It has a rather odd look at first; it seems as if the maker of the gown had run short of stuff for her sleeves—but on the contrary, it is a fashion of the moment, and marks a good modiste's production—not, of course, that all the sleeves are so constructed, but that the idea has not yet penetrated beyond the best designers. For example, one of the several models I have seen thus made was in almond-green soft cloth, with the sleeves of grey silk muslin, set below the elbow into a couple of two-inch wide bands of grey panne, separated from each other by a muslin line; and at the pit of the throat a very tiny vest and collar of the grey muslin peeped out. Another was a black face-cloth gown with sleeves of black silk muslin embroidered in *pois* with peacock-blue silk, and blue chiffon velvet elbow-bands and a narrow waistbelt were added to give a touch of firm colour.

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MUSIC.

OPERA—THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

THE production of Ponchielli's "Gioconda" at Covent Garden must, doubtless, serve to introduce the greater part of the audience to Cremona's distinguished composer. Some thirty years have passed since "Gioconda" was produced for the first time, and the musicians of Milan were confirmed in their belief that Amilcare Ponchielli was second only to Verdi as a master of melody. His "Promessi Sposi," together with two charming ballets, had served as passports to the favour of the Milanese, and these critical people were always pleased to hear his music; in fact, they were enraptured by his later opera, "The Prodigal Son," which was produced at La Scala in the early 'eighties, shortly after August Manns had included the "Dance of the Hours," from "Gioconda," in the repertory of the then famous Crystal Palace Orchestra.

Needless, perhaps, to point out in this place, Ponchielli wrote "Gioconda" in days before young Italy had become vocal, when Puccini, Leoncavallo, Mascagni, and Giordano were children, and the reform of opera that Wagner brought about had not penetrated beyond the German border. Ponchielli's work must be judged as Italian opera of the old school, and in estimating the composer's sincerity of purpose, the times in which he lived and the convention he followed must be taken into consideration. Doubtless he would have been touched by the modern spirit had he lived longer. "Gioconda" has been given in London in years past; it is, we believe, in the Moody-Manners repertory, and it scored a decided success in the United States in

days when Christine Nilsson, Trebelli, and Campanini were singing under the management of Messrs. Abbey and Grau, and a special solo was arranged for Madame Cavallazzi, although there is no solo dancing in Ponchielli's score.

The London Symphony Orchestra has done well and

Dr. Richter is second to none in his knowledge of music, in his control over an orchestra, in his appeal to the popular imagination, and in his remarkable capacity for extracting the beauty from a complex score and making everything in the music that is not of the best a matter of second-rate importance. We understand that the appointment of the great German composer to the control of the Symphony Orchestra for the London Winter Season has had a good effect upon the subscriptions, and subscribers would be hard to please if they could ask for a better programme than that of the first concert, or for music more finely rendered. The "Meistersinger" Orchestra, which Dr. Richter presents as no other man can, seemed to establish the character of the concert. Nearly everything was as good as it could be, and if Miss Fanny Davies' reading of the Brahms Concerto in D Minor left us cold, the fault was as much with Brahms as his interpreter. It is one of the composer's early works, bearing date 1859, and when performed for the first time at Leipzig was received unfavourably and dubbed "a symphony with pianoforte obbligato." It may be suggested that criticism was justified: the work has deep and lasting beauty, but as a pianoforte concerto its appeal is limited.

M. Pachmann will give his only pianoforte recital of the season at the Bechstein Hall on Saturday afternoon (Nov. 17), when the Queen's Hall Orchestra will be presenting its second Saturday concert under the direction of Mr. Henry Wood.

On the same afternoon M. Jean Gerardy and Mr. Harold Bauer will give a violoncello and piano recital at the Crystal Palace.



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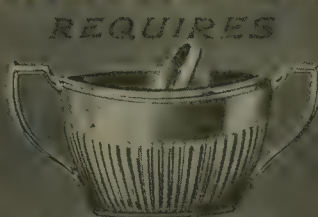
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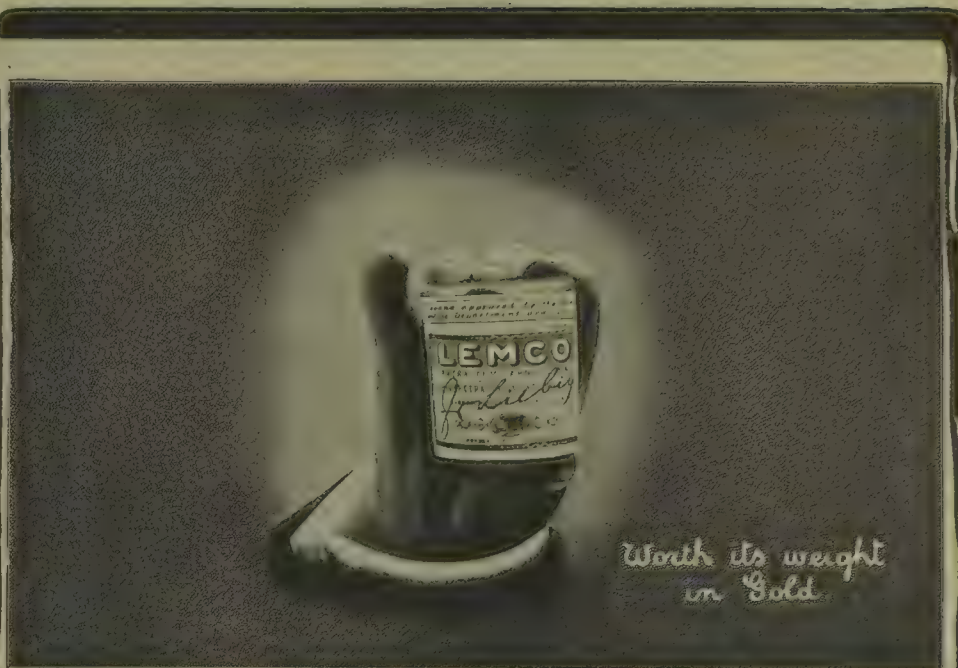
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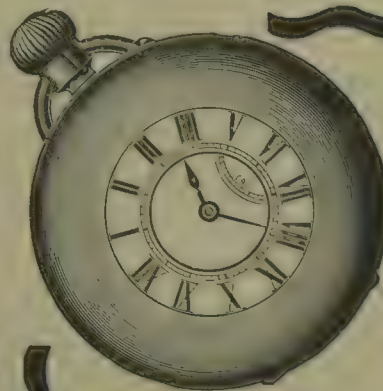
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ART NOTES.

THE sixteenth exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters ushers in a deal of talent. With a subject ready to the hand and the stimulus to look carefully at nature given by the necessity of catching a likeness, the painter of portraits needs small Latin and less Greek—that is to say, he need be little versed in the dead languages of the brush; he may be ignorant of the grammar of composition and innocent of the classical tradition; and so while other branches of painting do not flourish, this one of portraiture is lively and interesting. At the New Gallery there are many advanced and stimulating canvases.

One room—the North—is as nearly destitute of talent as it may be allowed to any picture gallery to be; that room is year by year made a hospital for

country-side, Mr. Chesterton waves his stick in the air, the while he rails at mankind, or else exults in life. Which of these he does, the artist, Mr. Hugh G. Riviere, has not made very clear. But we like to have our young philosopher shown on the countryside; the open air is kindly to his wayward wisdom, which must out, and which often is so robust that it rebels at the limitations of the printed page, or the confines of four walls. But one most masterly painting is in this room: Signor Mancini has never shown in this country a finer por-

M. Blanche is, like Signor Mancini, as greatly appreciated in England as in his own land. Now that we have particular hold upon the greatest painter that America has produced, and on the greatest that



Photo. Topical.

A PHILANTHROPIST'S LAST RESTING-PLACE: THE SUNDIAL BELOW WHICH MR. GEORGE HERRING'S ASHES WILL BE LAID.

Mr. George Herring desired that his ashes should be laid beneath the sundial at the Haven of Rest, the almshouses which the late millionaire founded at Maidenhead.

the less robust exhibitors. Mr. Ellis Roberts, for example, is a regular inmate (alas that so few cures are in the records of this infirmary!); Mr. G. K. Chesterton is this year an out-patient. He has not painted a portrait, but he has sat for one, and he is an unruly sufferer. Sitting alone in the

no notable distinction, but the portrait has a magic of tone and colour. Signor Mancini has long enough hidden his greatness under the guise of talent and technical brilliance; his real powers as a painter of portraits are above and beside these.



Photo. Topical.

A FLOATING ISLAND: A SOUTH AMERICAN CURIOSITY.

The island, which is just off the town of Parana, the capital of the Entre Rios province, is in the Parana River. In five years it moved a mile, and is choking up the railway port. The river here is twenty miles broad in flood time.

trait than the "Marquis del Grillo," a painting of a man of middle age and definite manner, who is perched upon a studio stool and has palette and brushes in his hands. It is but the portrait of a man, unceremonious and even casual, it would appear, in composition; the costume is modern; the face of

modern Italy has produced, and on one of the most brilliant of living French painters, it would be thought that England had cleared herself of the charge of insularity in the arts. But nothing will avail; one monarch may knight Van Dyck, another may welcome Von Angell and Winterhalter—we shall still be insular in the world's estimation. This country has suited M. Blanche extremely well; each year he brings a more certain and developed talent to the New Gallery. Each of his five portraits in the present exhibition has admirable qualities.

Two pretty, old-fashioned rooms, known as the Chenil Galleries, in the King's Road, Chelsea, are the very appropriate setting of the paintings of Mrs. Mary McEvoy, a lady whose work has been amongst the most notable at recent New English Art Club gatherings. Mrs. McEvoy has painted in just such rooms as those whose walls have now received

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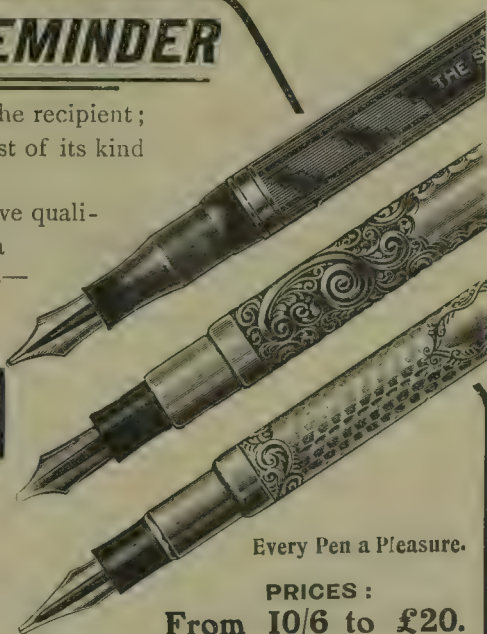
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the fruits of her brush. She is as essentially a painter of interior scenes and interior lights as was Vermeer of Delft, whose "Lady at a Spinnet" she has copied, including the copy in this exhibition. Doubtless Mrs. McEvoy has studied this master for a purpose, so that we do but repeat her lesson after her when we say that she could choose no master more useful for the purposes of her art than Vermeer, that delightful colourist. Her own lack is in range of colour and clarity of tone, so that through many of her canvases runs a peculiar monopolising

THE PLAYHOUSES.

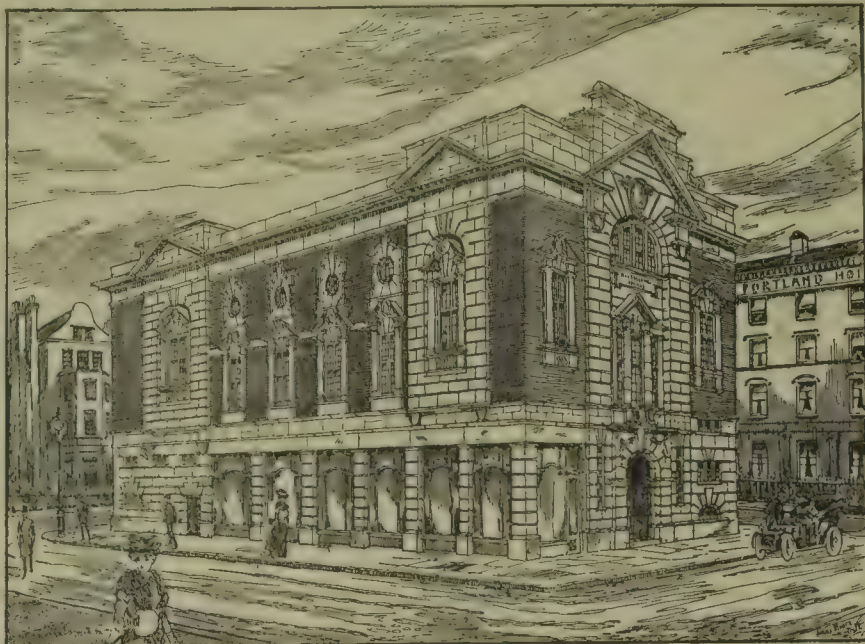
"THE ELECTRIC MAN." AT THE NEW ROYALTY.

ORIGINALITY is so rare a quality in the English theatre, our playwrights have got such a tedious knack of repeating themselves and using over and over again schemes that have once served them well, that, in sheer thankfulness, the spectator is tempted to give all possible credit to good intentions, and to ignore defects of execution, when an author is at last found

The situation, indeed, with which the play starts is extremely droll. What could be more laughable, if not tragic, than the predicament of Mr. Hannan's youthful hero, an inventor's son who, being left with, as a legacy, an electric man made in his own image, unwittingly gives the thing life and lets it go out of doors to commit the wildest pranks, for which he, its prototype, is held accountable? Unfortunately in tracing the adventures of this new Frankenstein Mr. Hannan's treatment of an undeniably comic idea is sadly devoid of freshness, and relies merely on the stock machinery of conventional farce—



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THE DESIGN FOR THE NEW CONCERT HALL.

LONDON'S NEW CONCERT HALL: THE SITE AND THE DESIGN.

London is to have a new concert hall, for which the old church of St. Paul, Great Portland Street, is to be demolished. The scheme is projected by private enterprise. The building will hold an audience of 1200. The architects for the general scheme are Messrs. Joseph and Smithem and the advising architect is Mr. A. Blomfield Jackson, to whom we are indebted for these pictures.

brown note, which kills the opportunity for real colour effects. In "A Girl at a Piano" and "The Sonata," a cleaner palette has been used, and virile freshness takes the place of the prevalent brown, Orchardson-like obscurity. "The Sonata" is a brilliant piece of work.—W. M.

The new issue of James Cassidy's collection of short stories, entitled "Love is Love," is limited to 500 copies. The publishers are Messrs. Cooper and Budd, 62, Fleet Street, who are alone authorised to supply it.

to have hit upon a novel and ingenious idea. It is in this spirit of not too discriminating gratitude that one welcomes the fantastic notion developed by Mr. Charles Hannan in his Royalty farce, "The Electric Man," and tries to forget the lack of dramatic subtlety shown in its development. The idea, of course, of a mechanical toy suddenly becoming or seeming galvanised into vitality, is not absolutely new—it was employed in "La Poupée," not to go further back into stage history. But Mr. Hannan's variation on an old theme has sufficient novelty in its details to be reckoned fairly original.

mad dashes across the stage, steeplechases from door to door, dodging behind settees and curtains; his characters are always on the move, but his story only moves round in a circle. Unfortunately, too, his chief actor, that old Adelphi favourite, Mr. Harry Nicholls, who has to double the rôles of the irresponsible monster and its unlucky owner, is too old-fashioned a comedian to exhibit the alertness and untiring energy expected from actors of farce to-day. And Mr. Nicholls has as his supporters a number of clever players, including Mrs. Calvert, Miss June van Buskirk, Mr. de Lange,

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and Mr. Marsh Allen, who are wasted on a sub-plot of no particular interest.

"AMASIS" GOING WELL AT THE NEW THEATRE.

That there is still a large public for the musical play which is not a mere variety "show" and does not depend for its fun upon the "gags" of comedians, but tells a pretty and humorous story gracefully, and provides music in which vocalists can take an artistic delight, is proved by the success of that genuine comic opera, "Amasis," which celebrated a week ago at the New Theatre its hundredth representation. Half the charm of "Amasis" always depended on its being interpreted by a company every member of which possesses real talent, and the few alterations which have been made in the play since its initial performance have but served to give the chief artists better opportunities, and to enhance its attractiveness. Mr. Rutland Barrington, for instance, is now enabled to show himself as Pharaoh in the first act, and he has a new song about "Lovely Woman" which, thanks to his unctuous humour, provokes uproarious laughter. Mr. Lauri de Freece has made his scenes with his trained crocodile droller than ever. A very welcome addition to the entertainment is some beautiful dancing of Miss Winifred Hart-Dyke's. And of course, both as singer and actress, Miss Ruth Vincent in the title-rôle is still the life and soul of the piece.

The Booth Line, whose trips to Spain and Portugal have become extremely popular, announce two tours, one beginning on the 19th of November and the other on the 29th. On these dates the fine steamers of the company will sail from Liverpool.

Among the notable tyre firms showing at Olympia is the Michelin Tyre Company, Limited, whose stand, No. 244, will be at one corner of the gallery. Immense show-cases will contain a full range of the Michelin products. There will be a good assortment of non-skids, of square tread and of round tread tyres, of cycle covers and tubes. Sections of all these are on view, as well as a wide and up-to-date range of tyre accessories. As a matter of fact, the Michelin Tyre Company claim to be the largest makers of tyre accessories in the world. Perhaps the most useful of these accessories is the company's tyre-pressure gauge.



THE PAINTER OF "A POEM IN SILENCE,"
MISS MARGUERITE VERBOECKHOVEN.

Miss Marguerite Verboeckhoven, of Brussels, is exhibiting at Messrs. Graves' Galleries, 6, Pall Mall, a series of nocturnes painted in oil and entitled "A Poem in Silence." The exhibition remains open until the end of the month.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE Bishop of London is attending meetings almost daily during November. He gave an earnest address last week at the Church House in aid of extension work at Portsmouth. The diocese of Winchester is appealing for £50,000 to build new churches, and the Bishop asks London Churchmen to give their generous aid. The Bishop of Stepney remarked that there was greater need of church-building in Portsmouth than in any part of East or North London that he knew.

One of the most venerable clergymen in England is the Rev. A. D. Hilton, Vicar of St. John's, Uxbridge Moor. He is in his eighty-third year, and has been for fifty-five years incumbent of St. John's. With the exception of two years at Banbury, the whole of Mr. Hilton's clerical career has been spent at Uxbridge.

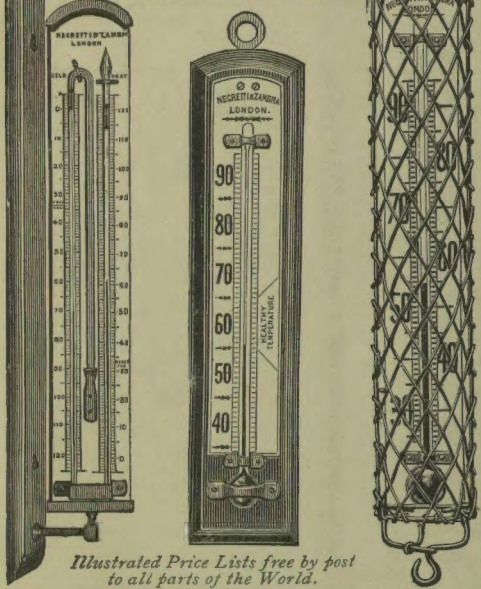
The Archbishop of the West Indies has established a "Church bookstall" for the sale of Church literature to the general public. It is expected that this new departure in Jamaica will be widely welcomed. The Archbishop is also to conduct a teaching mission during Advent in Kingston.

The Bishop of Southwark is one of the most active temperance workers in London. In a letter to his diocese he asks support for the police-court missionaries, "ever at work with the approval and help of the magistrates"; for the Boys' Shelter Home, and the "general and wholesome work of our Temperance Society." Temperance work of all kinds is receiving a marked impetus this winter.

An analysis of the lists of ordination candidates at Michaelmas is given in the *Guardian*. It is noted that "since the great drop of the two years 1900-2, there has been a curious fluctuation from year to year, but the tendency seems to be slightly upward. On the other hand, in the last three years the tendency of the proportion of graduates has been very decidedly downwards, especially in the cases of Oxford and Cambridge."

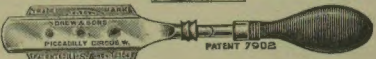
The Bishop of Knaresborough paid a high tribute to John Wesley at the unveiling of a tablet in Hunslet Church, commemorating the occasion when Wesley preached in the building. The Bishop applied to the founder of Methodism the words, "A good man, and full of the Holy Ghost; and much people were turned unto the Lord." V.

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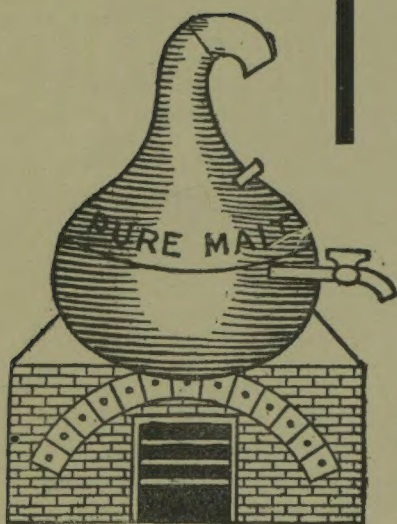
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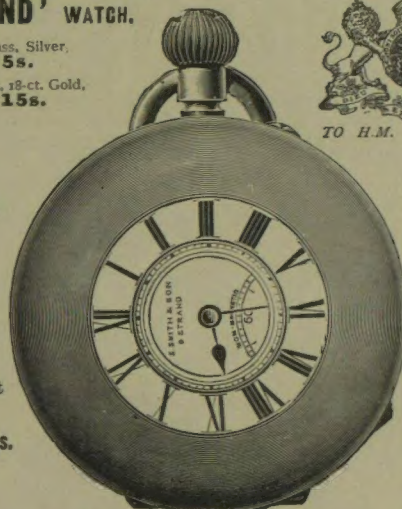
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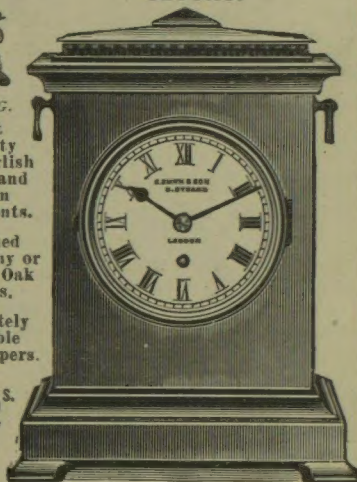


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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated Feb. 16, 1904) of MR. FRANCIS JOSEPH SCHUSTER, of 39, Harrington Gardens, S.W., founder of the firm of Schuster, Sons, and Co., bankers, Cannon Street, who died on Aug. 23, was proved on Oct. 30 by Sir Felix Otto Schuster, Bart., and Ernest Joseph Schuster, the sons, the value of the estate being £782,484. The testator gives £5000 each to his three sons for their children; £200 to Ella Colman; £100 each to Mrs. Urith Perrott, Mary Coleridge, and Florence Coleridge; and £500 to his valet, Charles Day. The residue of his property he leaves in equal shares to his children, with the expression of his wish that they will make gifts in remembrance of him to such charities as they may deem best.

The will (dated March 3, 1906), with a codicil, of MR. GEORGE DE LA POER BERESFORD, of Ovenden House, Sundridge, Sevenoaks, and Awnbawn, Killeshandra, Cavan, at one time M.P. for Armagh, who died on Aug. 3, has been proved by Mrs. Mary Annabella Beresford, the widow, and Edward Beresford, the value of the unsettled property being £31,109. The testator gives £4000 to his daughter Kathleen Matilda; £600, and the income from the proceeds of two policies on his life, to his wife for life, and then for his two children; £50 to his butler, Louis Field; and £30 per annum to his servant, Ann Snowden. All other his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated Feb. 14, 1906) of MR. DAVID HENRY GOOD-SALL, of 17, Devonshire Place, Marylebone, senior surgeon to the Metropolitan Hospital, and a director of the Western Telegraph

Company, who died on Sept. 14, was proved on Oct. 26 by Mrs. Mary Dowell Goodsall, the widow, the value of the property amounting to £57,928. The testator leaves everything he shall possess to his wife.

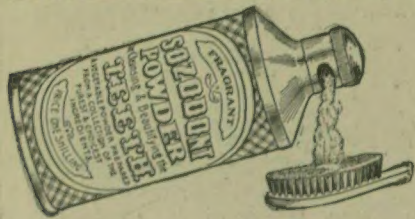
The will (dated Nov. 8, 1905) of MR. EDWARD RHODES, of 38, Segrams Lane, Bradford, who died on Aug. 23, has been proved by Joseph Edward Rhodes and James Rhodes, the sons, Charles John Vint and Charles Crabtree, the value of the real and personal property being £137,581. He gives £12,000 each and house property in Bradford to his two sons; £4700 and a debt of £5700, and his house in Brondesbury, in trust for his daughter Mrs. Ann Biddle; £200 and an annuity of £800, and the use for life of his residence and furniture to his wife; £200 to his son-in-law Frank Hayward Biddle; £200 and an annuity of £40 to his sister Sarah Duckitt; £500 each to his children, and £200 each to his grandchildren. The residue of his property he leaves in trust for his three children.

PRESENTATION TO THE EX-LADY-MAYORESS.

THE service presented to Mrs. Hornby Steer, the ex-Lady Mayoress, consists of a massive solid silver two-handled vase and cover, with richly chased ornament, on ebonised plinth, from an antique of the George III. period, with two smaller vases to match. The service was manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, of 112 and 110, Regent Street, London, W.



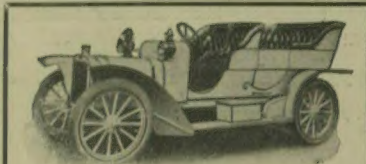
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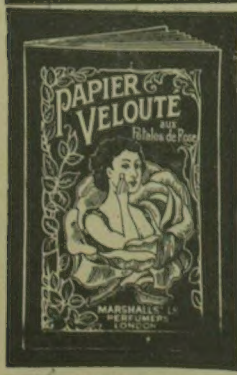
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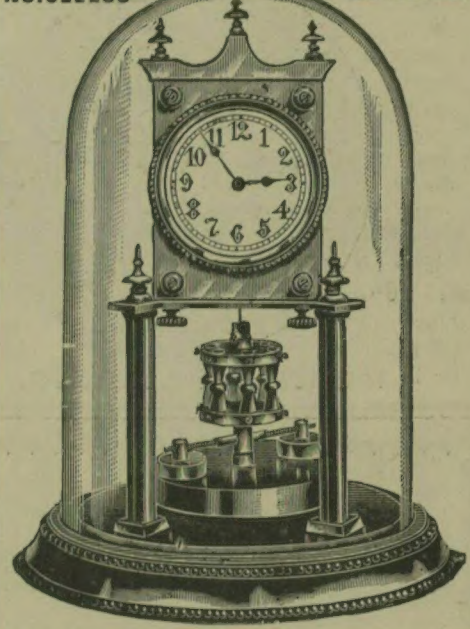


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